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THE AMERICAN INDICTMENT.

IT is fortunately not probable that the English Government or its representatives at Geneva should lose their temper; but perhaps the majority of Englishmen have begun within the last week to modify the general satisfaction with which the Treaty of Washington had been regarded. The few dissentients who thought that the national dignity had not been sufficiently guarded, and that there was a risk in unlimited concession, readily admitted that it was useless to resist the prevailing judgment of Parliament and of the community; nor can they derive satisfaction from the proof that their doubts and fears were well founded. In truth, the impression that American rancour had at last been conciliated was universal in England; and it is not surprising that the attainment of so desirable an object should have been thought worth the heavy price at which it had been purchased. The case, or, as it is justly called by its authors, the indictment, against England will have undeceived all who are not obstinately determined to retain their amiable illusions. Mr. SUMNER's speech, General BUTLER's frequent harangues, General GRANT's Message to Congress in December 1870, Mr. HAMILTON FISH's Note to Lord CLARENDON at an earlier period, were friendly, moderate, and reasonable in comparison with the extravagant invective which is to be laid before the tribunal at Geneva as an excuse for monstrous and incredible demands. Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS, who was instructed to prepare the case, has been assisted by Mr. BEAMAN, author of several pamphlets which were conclusively answered by "HISTORICUS"; and their joint production has been revised by Mr. CALEB CUSHING, who, as Attorney-General in the Presidency of Mr. PIERCE, officially expressed the hope that a prosecution instituted against the English Minister would "rebound against the throne of Queen VICTORIA." The animosity which long preceded the Civil War is consistently cherished when all the pretexts for enmity have been changed. The *Spectator*, not unnaturally disturbed by the falsification of its hopes and prophecies, censured the *Morning Post* for a statement that the American demands might amount to four or five hundred millions sterling. As damages are asked for the supposed prolongation of the war during two years, the calculation of the *Morning Post* is short of the amount proposed to be extorted. It is true that no possible evidence can be adduced to show that the escape of the *Alabama* prolonged the war by two years, or two months, or by a day; but the immediate question is not as to the justice of the claim, but as to the spirit which is exhibited by those who prefer it.

It was universally understood in England that under the provisions of the Treaty no claim could be made either for indirect or for vindictive damages. The unprecedented concession of the English Commissioners in expressing the regret of their Government for acts which were not admitted to be wrongful ought alone to have been considered as a satisfaction in full for any cause of irritation unconnected with material loss; nor is it conceivable that any Government which respected itself or the nation which it represented could have agreed beforehand to be mulcted in damages for any deliberate and wilful misconduct of which it might be convicted. According to the agents of the United States, some of the questions to be submitted to the tribunal at Geneva are whether England before the war owed a debt of gratitude to the United States, whether the conduct of the English Government at the time of secession was unfriendly, whether the language of Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE was objectionable, and, finally, whether the duties of neutrality were not violated by England, while all other civilized Powers successfully avoided giving any cause of

offence. The hostile intention of the framers of the document could not be more wilfully exhibited than in the mention of France as one of the States which had observed the obligations neglected by England. Among many unjust and intemperate effusions in the course of the long-standing controversy, the case of the American Government is the first attempt to aggravate the crimes of England by an invidious reference to earlier history. It seems that in several negotiations between 1812 and 1860 the United States Government was contented with a portion of its original demands, and it is coolly inferred that in every instance of the kind an obligation was incurred by England. One of the numerous benefits to be acknowledged was the conclusion of the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, "from which the United States did not derive the slightest advantage." The arbitrators are virtually asked to increase the damages which may be awarded for the escape of the *Alabama* because it is to be assumed that every earlier abatement of an American demand was a voluntary concession of an admitted right. No special reference is probably made to the commencement of the San Juan demand, or to the unfriendly dismissal of the English Minister in the middle of the Crimean war. No English student of diplomatic history is ignorant of the harsh and overbearing tone in which American negotiations with England have been uniformly conducted.

The American Government describes as English cruisers, issuing from English ports, not only the *Alabama*, which, by an abuse of language, might be so designated, but the *Sumter*, which was built and equipped within Confederate territory, and other vessels for which the English Government could in no way be responsible. The tribunal is asked to compensate the owners of the vessels and cargoes which were destroyed, the shipowners who transferred their ships into English names, the insured who paid higher rates, and the insurance offices which covered increased risks. The expenses of the American navy in pursuing and watching the Confederate cruisers are also to be reimbursed; and finally, the entire cost of one or two years of war is to be paid, amounting perhaps to six hundred millions sterling. The tribute exacted from France by Germany after a complete victory is trifling compared with the damages which are demanded by the United States in virtue of a treaty which enthusiasts described as the commencement of a new era of peace and friendship. The most hostile and the most scornful of Prince BISMARCK's communications to the French Government are courteous and friendly in comparison with the indictment for which the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet are responsible. An idle attempt has been made to exonerate the American Government by attributing the unprecedented rudeness and malignity of the attack to the counsel who have been employed. It may be true that the American agents have disgraced themselves, but they have also compromised the character of their country. In private litigation a plaintiff or defendant is properly regarded as answerable for an unreasonable claim or resistance to a claim, and for any unfounded imputation on the character of an adversary. A defendant in an action for libel who repeats the obnoxious charge through his counsel is always understood to take the risk of increased damages in the event of an adverse verdict. It is absurd to suppose that the American Government would allow itself to be compromised by the violence or intemperance of its agents. It is clear that the signature of the Treaty has not been accepted at Washington in satisfaction for the causes of hostility which are supposed to have been furnished by England.

It is suggested with some plausibility that the American counsel are not in earnest, and that they wish only to make themselves popular at home, and perhaps slightly to increase the amount of damages which might otherwise have been

awarded to their clients. It is not absolutely impossible that their object may be rather insult than injury, but there is no third alternative. Offensive language would be comparatively tolerable if it were used as an instrument for obtaining several hundred millions of money. Discourtesy offered without any practical object would in one sense be more inexcusable. If the perverted and spiteful narrative is not introduced in aggravation of damages, it is a purely impertinent affront. It is indeed hardly possible that even the pliancy of the English Government and Commission can have induced the PRESIDENT and his advisers to believe in the possibility of inflicting a fine of five hundred millions on England. The Treaty was drawn with culpable laxity; but it cannot be strained into an interpretation consistent with the American demands. The English agents would have no choice but to withdraw from the arbitration in the improbable event of a consideration by the tribunal of the claim on account of the imaginary prolongation of the war. It is incredible that impartial jurists, with their own characters and with the credit of their respective nations at stake, should even listen to pretences which would make neutrality more costly than participation in war; yet it must be assumed that the able counsel employed by the United States have not adopted a vindictive line and preferred extortionate demands without belief in the possibility of success. If the arbitrators should, contrary to expectation, abet the scandalous injustice of the claimants, retirement from further contention would be consistent with the terms of the Treaty, and it would at the same time be an instructive comment on the blessed innovation of substituting judicial decisions for appeals to force. The statement of reasons for a declaration of war has but seldom been as acrimonious as the first proceeding in the great international arbitration.

THE FRENCH DEBATE ON THE INCOME-TAX.

WHATEVER may be thought of the soundness or unsoundness of the economical views of M. THIERS, no one who has read his recent speech can fail to be impressed with the lucidity of its method, the finish of its style, and the skill with which it was adapted to his auditory. It is also full of instruction, for M. THIERS based his opposition to an Income-tax mainly on the ground that France had already all that was good in an Income-tax, and it was therefore necessary for him to explain the whole system of French taxation. He took the last Budget before the war with its total revenue of 72 millions, and he showed how the burden of providing this revenue was distributed. Adding to the 72 millions raised for general purposes 12 raised for departmental purposes, he stated that the sources of revenue might be divided into two equal halves. One half, or 42 millions sterling, was levied on property. About 13 millions were levied on real property, 2 millions on buildings in the shape of a tax on doors and windows, 4 millions on personal property by means of a tax on householders according to their fortunes as indicated by the houses they occupied, and upwards of 4 millions on professional and mercantile profits in the shape of licences. Upwards of 13 millions were levied on the transmutations of property by means of stamps, charges on registration, and so forth. The other half of the sources of revenue, also producing 42 millions sterling, consisted of taxes on articles of consumption to the extent of 30 millions, and of miscellaneous sources of revenue, such as the produce of the forests belonging to the State, the revenue of Algeria, and the income derived from the Post Office. Of the 30 millions raised from taxes on consumable articles, the Customs, exclusive of sugar, yielded 3 millions, sugar nearly 5, liquors 10, tobacco 10, and salt upwards of 1. The taxes on property and the revenues from miscellaneous sources, yielding 54 millions together, do not, according to M. THIERS, fall on the poor at all. Of the 30 millions levied on consumable articles, he calculated that 16 millions at the outside were paid by the poor. Thus, out of the total of 84 millions, the poor only contribute 16 millions, or a little less than one-fifth. This M. THIERS declared to be the most equitable scheme of finance, and the most favourable to the poor, of any known to the civilized world. His principal objection to the Income-tax was, therefore, that since it would be a new burden on property, and would not touch the poor, it would introduce an element of unfairness into that which is a fair system. It would make French finance unduly hard upon property, and the poor ought not to expect or desire that this should be done; they ought to be credited with, or be taught, enough patriotism to wish to bear their fair share of the new load under which France is beginning to groan. These are very much the same arguments, it may be

remembered, which Mr. LOWE used with so much force and success last spring against the plan of throwing all the increased burden of the taxation of the year on the payers of Income-tax, when he showed conclusively how very unfair it would be to take the course which a few days later he forced on a reluctant House of Commons. In France it is especially necessary that the poor should feel as much as they can be fairly made to feel of the inconveniences of having to pay the new taxes occasioned by the war. It was they who by their plebiscite last year encouraged the EMPEROR to do whatever he pleased; and it is a salutary lesson for those who gave him this encouragement to find that when the man they allow to do as he pleases is pleased to go to war for nothing, they, in the long run, will have to pay for his fancy.

This was the main argument of M. THIERS, and it is one that carries much weight with it, if only some tax can be devised that will make the poor pay their fair share of the additional taxation made necessary by the war without crippling the resources and fatally fettering the commerce of the country. But he had other subsidiary arguments on which he relied to strengthen his case. He turned to the United States, and showed that the Income-tax was so unpopular there, and worked so badly, that the PRESIDENT had just recommended in his Message its total abolition. This argument was received with great favour by the Assembly, and was a very cogent one. The Income-tax was borne patiently enough in the momentous crisis that followed the close of the Civil War in America. But the frauds of which it has been the cause are so startling and notorious that prudent politicians in the States fear the national demoralization which must ensue. In France a merely temporary Income-tax would, as the best writers who wish for an Income-tax admit, be very unfair, as there are certain classes which already pay an Income-tax there, and to make it fair there must be a large readjustment of the whole system of taxation. M. THIERS had then to surmount the difficulty of the Income-tax existing, and being supported with tolerable patience, in England. He had, of course, the strong ground that the Income-tax was in the early years of its existence pronounced both by Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE to be essentially a temporary resource to meet a deficit that would soon pass away. It was so unwelcome even in England that the pill had to be largely gilded before it could be swallowed. But in England it was, M. THIERS admitted, very wise and fair to impose an Income-tax. The landed interest and the makers of yearly profits were far too lightly taxed in comparison with the poor. Free trade was most advantageous to England, but only, according to the peculiar views of M. THIERS, because England is an island. In order to attain this great national benefit, Sir ROBERT PEEL had a perfect right to ask the rich to pay that fair share of taxation which they had previously escaped. In France, landowners, professional men, and traders are exceedingly heavily taxed, and therefore what was right in England would not be right in France. It might seem at first sight as if M. THIERS much understated the burden of taxation which in England falls on the landowner, for the landed interest supports an enormous burden of local taxation. But in a subsequent stage of the debate M. POUYER-QUERTIER completed the statement of his chief, and asserted that the landowners in France, besides contributing their share to the revenue comprised in the Budget, and applicable to general and departmental purposes, pay 20 millions sterling to local purposes; and if this is true, it is obvious that landowners are much more heavily taxed in France than in England, even though allowance be made for the very much larger area of land in the former as compared with that in the latter country. M. THIERS was also right in saying that the Income-tax, although tolerated in England, is only just barely tolerated, and causes a very large amount both of fraud and inconvenience. Lastly, M. THIERS insisted most urgently on the unsuitability of the tax to France in its present circumstances. He probably exaggerated the arbitrariness with which it would be levied, but he pointed out that it would make the Republic odious; and he at once amused and alarmed the majority of the Assembly by declaring that they were all determined to give the Republic a perfectly fair trial. But he also pointed out, and the Assembly seemed to be entirely of his opinion, that in France, where the Government was so constantly changing, it would be most perilous for a trader to have to let the Government of the day know exactly how rich he was, as succeeding Governments would be tempted to plunder him. The argument seems worthy of Mexico or Venezuela, but the French Assembly immediately recognized its validity, and foreigners must therefore suppose that it is applicable to France.

M. THIERS made out a strong case against the Income-tax, but the majority of the Assembly was so heartily with him that even feeble arguments and a less telling manner would have sufficed for the overwhelming vote by which the proposal for the Income-tax was rejected. He was very inefficiently opposed by M. WOLOWSKI, who is a dreary, faint, and almost inaudible speaker, and who tired out the patience of an adverse audience by references to the pages of an English blue-book. The only effective reply to M. THIERS, if it can be called a reply, was that of M. LANGLOIS. He insisted, with a great amount of truth, that the financial difficulties of France had been much underrated, and that the only chance of the country attaining a position which would enable it to meet the emergency would be to enter on a period of new and great commercial activity. This was only to be accomplished, he urged, by totally repealing and avoiding all taxes which add to the cost of exportable articles. This was obviously, in the first place, to prejudice the question between the Assembly and the Government as to the protective duties, and in the next place to point out a principle without showing how it was to be applied. It is almost impossible for a private member who holds to one system of finance to attack one part of the scheme of a Ministry which holds to another system. For what he would gain by defeating the Ministry on the point under discussion would only lead to a fraction of his system being practically carried out. Nor does it at all follow that, even if duties enhancing the price of exportable articles were to be abolished, an Income-tax in the form in which it was proposed would be the best mode of making up the consequent deficiency of revenue. What is to be the mode in which the revenue which the proposed Income-tax would have yielded is to be raised was left for future discussion. The Assembly decided that it would not have an Income-tax, but it did not decide whether the Government proposal to raise 6 millions by the taxation of raw materials should or should not be adopted instead. But although the discussion, or at least the vote of the Assembly, terminated in favour of M. THIERS, enough was said both by himself and others to throw some doubts on the truth of his reiterated assertion that the French system of taxation is perfect. If it were so, the obvious mode of getting new taxes would be to make an equal increase of every existing tax. One member proposed that this should be done, but M. THIERS received the proposal with great coldness. The Government has indeed already shown its readiness to depart from this perfect system of taxation. During the course of the debate the Government intimated its willingness to assent to an increase in the sum derived from licences, or, in other words, to make an exceptional increase in the contribution of the trading and professional classes to the revenues of the State. This was in effect to allow that the classes who would most suffer from an Income-tax might properly and advantageously be made to pay more than they do in the form of Income-tax applied to them. If, however, the Assembly did not go further than to decide not to have a general Income-tax, it showed by incontestable signs that a very large majority of its members was strongly opposed to the taxes on raw materials. M. THIERS will have to cram these taxes down the throats of his hearers; but he is so skilful and so necessary, that there is no saying that he will not persuade an Assembly to vote for the taxation of raw materials, although it considers such a form of taxation pernicious in the highest degree.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

AS the Ministers will keep their own secrets till the meeting of Parliament, it is impossible to anticipate with confidence the nature of the political conflicts which may probably be impending. Mr. STANSFELD lately spoke with hesitation, or perhaps only with official diffidence, of the possibility of introducing the Sanitary Bill which he pledged himself to prepare; but there can be no doubt that the Government must find time for a measure which in its general principle will encounter no opposition. The Act of last Session constituted the central authority which is indispensable to the efficient working of local administrative bodies; and the distribution of powers will be simplified by the experience of many years in the similar relations between the Poor Law Board and the Boards of Guardians. Little instruction is to be derived from the practice of the Home Office since it superseded the Board of Health. Its authority was nominally too extensive, and practically it was insufficient, nor was any adequate

staff provided for the discharge of the duties imposed on the Office by various Acts of Parliament. Even the Board of Trade, notwithstanding its chaotic organization, was preferred by those who had local business to transact to the Sanitary Department of the Home Office. Under several recent Acts the Secretary of State had the power to insist on the removal of nuisances, and in case of refusal or neglect he was authorised to execute the necessary works at the expense of the delinquent community; but the Secretary of State had neither engineers to perform the work nor funds to pay for it in the first instance; and, by the fault of Parliament rather than of the Office, all enactments of the kind proved entirely inoperative. In future legislation stringent provisions for compelling local bodies to do their duty will be preferable to the alternative execution of works by a central authority; yet the difficulty of compelling those who for their own profit cause nuisances to abate them by their own action at their own expense will not be easily overcome. If the Bill is judiciously framed, Parliament will not refuse to confer all necessary powers on the Local Government Board, or rather on the President. The success of the measure will depend chiefly on the judicious selection of the mode of administration and of the best local authorities. On the whole, probably, Mr. STANSFELD will have recourse to the Boards of Guardians, both because they already exist, and because the area which they represent is intermediate between a parish and a county. Mr. GOSCHEN's Bill of last year would have practically excluded the gentry from all share in local government, though it is fair to admit that such a result was not contemplated by the author of the scheme. It is not likely that either Mr. STANSFELD or the majority of the House will be disposed to increase the power of the Justices; and yet the upper classes in rural districts both appreciate most fully the importance of sanitary improvement, and possess greater independence than their poorer neighbours. The graduated parochial franchise is too little consistent with democratic principles to be favoured by modern legislation.

The Ballot Bill will, after the events of last Session, almost certainly take precedence of less purely political measures. It is probable that a majority of the House of Commons dislike and disapprove the innovation, but pledges must be redeemed, and, above all, the House of Commons must not give way to the House of Lords. There are politicians who attach to the machinery of Ballot Bills an importance which to others seems exaggerated. It is generally admitted that, if there are shades of merit in such contrivances, last year's Bill was not the best that could have been devised; but the additional strength which will be given by any possible Ballot Bill to the party of movement matters far more than the encouragement or abolition of scrutinies. The friends and the more candid enemies of the Ballot are entirely agreed on the main issue, which indeed is now practically decided. The extreme Liberals wish for the Ballot because it will increase the effect of popular excitement, and diminish the influence of position and of property. It is no longer worth while to inquire whether it is desirable that every man should give an unbiassed vote without regard to the wishes or opinions of others. It is extremely unlikely that at a general election half-a-dozen seats should be obtained by the use of personation or any other flagrant kind of fraud. The kinds of corruption which will be promoted by the adoption of the Ballot are those which have hitherto been more familiar to Americans than to Englishmen. The House of Lords will show sound judgment by accepting an unpalatable measure which primarily concerns the House of Commons and the constituencies. It is not necessary on this occasion to determine the limits of legislative power which confine the action of a second and less powerful Chamber. It would be highly invidious for the House of Lords, after due delay and consideration, to prevent the House of Commons from determining the mode in which its members are to be elected; and if the deliberations of the Peers are guided by statesmen, they will at present be more than ordinarily unwilling to provoke a collision which would necessarily be followed by agitation. The premature anxiety of various demagogues to appropriate to themselves, after the fashion of SISERA and his officers, fragments of the Constitution to be destroyed has for the time provoked a certain reaction. Mr. DIXON made little of his scheme for destroying the House of Lords, and the clamour for a Republic has died away without an echo. A popular pretext for fresh revolutionary proposals would be in the highest degree acceptable to the baffled enemies of the Constitution who have once missed their spring. It would

indeed require more than ordinary audacity at the present moment to renew attacks on the Crown. The feeling which was exhibited during the illness of the Prince of WALES must have served as a warning to the most conceited of Republicans, and the touching and eloquent letter of the QUEEN to the people of England will be remembered when recent attempts to earn notoriety are forgotten; but the House of Lords has no similar security against attack, and if it furnishes an excuse for hostility it will concentrate on itself all the attacks which have hitherto been dissipated upon several different objects.

The serious inconvenience which the Ministerial party may incur through the growing disaffection of the Nonconformists will be reduced to the lowest point by firmness in maintaining the Education Bill. No compromise is possible which would not fundamentally disturb the settlement of 1869; and if Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues show any disposition to waver, they will only tempt the malcontents to increase their demands. At the same time they will revive all the differences which the Act was intended to settle; and it is not clear that the new opponents whom they would provoke would be less formidable than their present assailants. The extreme section of a party sometimes prefers the triumph of open antagonists to the interests of lukewarm and moderate allies; but in the great majority of instances a secession is threatened twenty times for one case in which it is actually undertaken. Although the confidence which is reposed by thoughtful and moderate politicians on the PRIME MINISTER may not be wholly unqualified, nothing would be more undesirable than the temporary accession of the Opposition to office. Their leaders are not known to have a policy, and those among them who are most indisputably sincere are with few exceptions deficient in statesmanlike ability. On the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE would be relieved by expulsion from office of the restraints which still to a beneficial extent hamper his excessive activity. In Opposition he has always been restless and often intemperate, and it is not known that he has any remaining prejudice which might not be overcome. One unpleasant task which awaits him at the opening of the Session is fortunately not such as will necessarily endanger the existence of the Ministry. It is certain that the late appointment to the Privy Council will be censured by the opponents of the Government, and a friendly majority will have to pronounce its verdict without any undue regard to the merits of the case. There are many Parliamentary contrivances by which the necessity of passing a vote of censure may be evaded. A business-like Assembly is not called upon to vote directly on issues which may for any reason be thought unseasonable. It is indeed probable that Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HATHERLY will regard the support of a friendly majority as a full condonation of their questionable proceeding; but if they wish to ascertain the genuine opinion of Parliament, they will probably find the debate more instructive than the division. The enthusiasm of three years ago has not survived the experience and the disappointments of last Session; but it will be the fault of the Government if its position is endangered during the present year.

THE PARIS ELECTION.

THERE is every probability that the election of a deputy for Paris, which takes place to-morrow, will have the same result as that by which so many previous elections have been attended. The Radicals have found a candidate, and have agreed—though not, it seems, without many misgivings—to give him a united support. The party of order, which has everything to gain or lose by the choice of the electors, has allowed things to take their chance. It claims to be a majority in Paris; it is certainly associated with the majority in the Assembly and in the country; and yet, for any use it makes of its strength, it might as well belong to a despised minority. When first the contest began, the friends of order made some little show of taking part in it. They allowed a Committee of newspaper editors to look out for a candidate on their behalf. When their choice was made public, it turned out to be the very worst they could have lighted on. There are good reasons why the Commander-in-Chief should not be a member of the Assembly, and there is one reason in particular why he should not be a member for Paris. If ever the Assembly is exposed to violence from without, it is to Marshal MACMAHON that it will have to look for deliverance; and nothing would be more likely to paralyse a soldier's hand than to have been a spectator of the irresolution and weakness of purpose which the Chamber would probably

have shown before making up its mind to resistance. So long as the state of siege is maintained in Paris, it may at any time be the duty of her representative to appeal to the Government or the Assembly against some needless severity on the part of the troops. The Commander-in-Chief could hardly be expected to do this part of a deputy's work. From these possible complications France has been saved by Marshal MACMAHON's prudence. It may be doubted whether the Paris Conservatives were really sorry when they thought there would be no opportunity for them to vote, or whether, now that an opportunity has presented itself at the eleventh hour, they will not prefer to let it slip. M. VAUTRAIN's appearance has deprived them of the plea that they have failed in finding a candidate. If the election turned on the issue between Monarchy and a Republic, they might perhaps excuse their inaction on the score that, where both the candidates are Republicans, electors who desire a Restoration are not called upon to vote for either. But the contest between M. VAUTRAIN and M. HUGO is really a contest between order and anarchy, between the French nation and the Paris Commune, between reasonable liberty and democratic tyranny. Paris has now to determine which of these rival creeds shall be put forward as hers in the Assembly. If the party of order takes no side in the controversy, it is bound to find some other name for itself before the next election. Either because the *bourgeoisie* of Paris dislike M. THIERS and his Government more than they dislike the Commune, or because their expectation of seeing the Commune restored in spite of him makes them anxious not to commit themselves in the eyes of their future masters, or because the political instinct has died out from want of exercise, their passion for abstention seems to be the one element of consistency in their character. If Heaven only helps those that help themselves their chance of providential aid in their next trouble will be an exceedingly small one.

The interest of to-morrow's election, such as it is, turns less upon the result, which we fear may be taken as foreordained, than upon the indications which may be gathered from it as to the future policy of the extreme Republican party. If there were no party of order to claim a share in the honour, the Paris Radicals might write themselves down as the most contemptible of political organizations. The controversy about the *mandat impératif* could never have arisen in a party which had any belief in its leaders; and a party which neither trusts the men whom it chooses to represent it, nor has the energy to replace them by others in whom it has more confidence, is not likely to achieve any conspicuous success. In all former revolutionary periods—and it is by the standard of a revolutionary period that the Paris Radicals must be judged—the great object at every election has been to return men whom the voters thought to be better men than themselves. The contest has in truth been one of men rather than of measures. The populace have accepted as essential whatever doctrines their leaders have chosen to call by that name, but they have never questioned that the election of their leaders meant the triumph of the principles they professed to maintain. Now the one settled conviction of the Paris Radicals seems to be that their representative will betray them if he gets the chance. They have invented the *mandat impératif*, they have accepted the *mandat contractuel*, for no other end than to deprive him of this chance. They only half like M. VICTOR HUGO, because he has insisted on the *mandat contractuel* being substituted for the *mandat impératif*, and many of them suspect that he has changed the form in order to get rid of the substance. It is impossible that a deputy elected under these circumstances should long retain even the modified confidence which the electors must be supposed to have had in him before they accepted his signature to the electoral contract. It is a safe prediction that M. HUGO will not have given many votes in the Assembly before the "jury of honour" which is to decide whether a deputy has violated his pledge will be convoked to hear the complaints of his constituents, and be appealed to to demand his resignation. Another feature that distinguishes the Paris Radicals from their predecessors in the same line is the extraordinary pettiness of the objections alleged against the candidate ultimately chosen. Whatever other qualifications M. VICTOR HUGO may want, it might have been thought that he would have been accepted as a good Democrat. But it seems to have been urged as a serious flaw in his title to this distinction that he sold his books at a price which allowed none but the rich to buy them, and that his opinions twenty years ago were not in all respects what they are now. It is difficult to imagine a position of less dignity for a man of genius than that in which M. VICTOR HUGO has chosen to

place himself; but the electors who will probably return him to-morrow have achieved what might have been thought impossible, and have made him almost respectable by contrast themselves.

If the programme embodied in the *mandat contractuel* had no unexpressed articles to be inserted between the lines, it would be by no means a very revolutionary document. Several of the demands embodied in it are such as a wise Government would long ago have conceded by anticipation. The return of the Assembly to Paris, the grant of an amnesty, the recognition of a dissolution as an indispensable preliminary to the exercise of constituent powers by the Assembly, the raising of the state of siege in the great cities, a larger measure of freedom in local administration, the removal of arbitrary restrictions on newspaper criticism on political events, the reform of the magistracy, the introduction of compulsory military service—are all matters upon which it is surprising that sensible Frenchmen can hold two opinions. Mixed up with these are some demands of very doubtful expediency, and others which are unmistakably mischievous. To the former class belong the immediate nomination of a Constituent Assembly, the abolition of capital punishment, the separation of Church and State, and the abolition of press prosecutions except in civil matters. To the latter class belong the abolition of the principle of irremovability among the judges, a proportionate tax upon incomes, the prohibition of religion in education—if at least this be what the Committee of the Rue Bréa understand by “gratuitous primary education, compulsory, and conducted by laymen,” and the gratuitous provision of secondary education by the State. Still even the most objectionable of these theories hardly comes up to the traditional notion of Red Republicanism. The omission of the doctrines generally attributed to the Socialist party is remarkable. With the solitary exception of the proportionate Income-tax, M. HUGO is pledged to nothing which a capitalist might not advocate with perfect safety to his pocket. Indeed it will be strange if the author of *Les Misérables* does not on this head go far ahead of his instructions. This absence of the Socialist element may help to explain the general mediocrity of the whole movement. The real strength of the extreme Republican party in Paris has not been put out. Probably it was not thought prudent for the Communists to come forward in their own character. Such a step might have been attended by inconvenient consequences, so long as Paris is in a state of siege; and the alarm which would have been given to the Assembly by an avowed Communist triumph might have led to a continuance and extension of repressive precautions. Nor would there have been any gain to set against these obvious risks. M. VICTOR HUGO will be as useful at Versailles as the most earnest of the Communist leaders. No men are better suited to play the cat to the Communist monkey than the men who, by contrast with the real wire-pullers, may be called the moderate Radicals of Paris.

THE MEMBERS FOR OXFORD.

THE annual speeches of Mr. CARDWELL and Mr. HARCOURT are always well received by their constituents; and on New Year's Day they left behind a not disagreeable impression that there is for the moment nothing particular to say. Mr. CARDWELL, as became a Cabinet Minister on a festive occasion, was cheerful, complimentary, and vague. He naturally shared the general satisfaction at the probable recovery of the Prince of WALES from an illness which had given occasion to a remarkable display of loyal feeling. With the past he was contented, and especially with the relief from the burden of purchase of an army which he justly described as devoted and heroic. Even the settlement with the United States has, in spite of the elaborate indictment prepared by the American counsel, not ceased to convince Mr. CARDWELL that the two nations are united by the bond of a common language, which one of them uses on all public occasions for the purpose of vituperating the other. As to the Ballot, Mr. CARDWELL said that he was in a peculiar position, inasmuch as he had never been an enthusiast for secret voting, having indeed consistently opposed it until it was adopted by the present Cabinet. On the licensing question, and on the general controversy about alcohol, Mr. CARDWELL wisely declined to enter, except that, as his audience happened to be sitting round a table covered with decanters, he expressed a laudable wish that everybody else might, like the present company, have reasonable facilities for enjoyment. Everybody in Mr. CARDWELL's opinion entertains the same

desire, although the temperance agitators would put an end to any enjoyment which may be derived from any kind of fermented liquor. Some passages in Mr. CARDWELL's speech seemed to point to the substitution of administrative or social legislation for political conflicts; and he concluded with a hope that all parties would merge minor differences, for the purpose of obtaining great results and of increasing our reputation as an example to all the nations of the world. It is much to be wished that less cautious Ministers would profit by the example of Mr. CARDWELL; but perhaps it is not to be expected that they should all look at the prospects of the coming Session with equal complacency. Having carried his Army Bill, the SECRETARY OF WAR, like a player who has completed his innings, walks aside, while Mr. BRUCE and Mr. STANSFELD in their turn concentrate upon themselves the attention of the spectators and the efforts of the hostile party to dislodge them. Mr. CARDWELL has nothing to do with public-houses or with Local Boards, except to vote, or possibly now and then to speak, in favour of the Ministerial measure. The anxiety of general supervision and guidance falls almost entirely on Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. CARDWELL was too prudent to betray in the smallest degree the confidence of the Government. It is probable that some resolution may have been taken with reference to the attacks of the Nonconformists and secularists on the Education Act; but Mr. CARDWELL confined himself to the harmless statement that twenty years ago only a small minority was in favour of State education.

Mr. HARCOURT, untrammelled by the restraints of office, is also on ordinary occasions more pugnacious and impatient than his experienced colleague, but the most exciting suggestion which he could devise was a general protest against repose. To Mr. CARDWELL's recommendation of harmonious co-operation in measures outside the range of politics Mr. HARCOURT replied, with some point, that “recourse to a non-political programme was the unfailing symptom of a used-up party and a played-out Administration.” In his opinion, it is the business of the Liberal party to attack abuses, and of the Conservative party to defend them; and from the conflict is evolved the kind of activity which is properly called political. It seems to follow that, if the Opposition should at any time neglect their proper function of supporting abuses, it would become indispensable that Mr. HARCOURT and his friends should assail the beneficent and valuable parts of the Constitution. Of all courses he most earnestly repudiates the system of leaving things as they are. Ideal perfection of government would be no excuse for the tranquillity or stagnation which must result from general unanimity. On one subject Mr. HARCOURT thinks that the Government has been too active, and that it might have more prudently let alone the whole question of licences. He doubts whether it is possible to reconcile “the views of those who wish nobody to drink anything with those of the persons who desire everybody to drink everything.” The issue which has been raised in the controversy could not be more tersely or accurately defined. The greater part of Mr. HARCOURT's speech was occupied with a general denunciation of the extravagance of successive Governments and of the House of Commons. He has discovered, as some other politicians have learned before him, that twenty years ago the national expenditure was only 55,000,000*l.*, whereas it is now above 72,000,000*l.*, and, without entering into the details of the public wants, he concludes at once that the whole or the greater part of the excess is to be regarded as superfluous and wasteful. One million, indeed, spent on primary education, he admits to be a legitimate addition; but 18,000,000*l.* might, in his opinion, be saved, and in the meantime the amount furnishes matter for political speeches. It is necessary, however, in making the comparison to allow for the increase of population and of revenue, and for the universal advance of prices. If the affairs of the United Kingdom were administered for the cost which was sufficient in 1851, it would follow that enormous proportional reductions of expenditure had been effected. Mr. HARCOURT cannot but be aware that his statements require to be modified, and apparently he thought that in an after-dinner speech it would be troublesome and tedious to enter into details; but round numbers have no meaning where the totals are not more or less applicable to the actual state of facts.

It appears to have occurred to Mr. HARCOURT that his figures were inconveniently large, and that he was bound to furnish some explanation of the apparently wanton propensity of Parliament to squander the public money. He proceeded to ask whether the diplomatic service or the Colonial establishment had become in twenty years more costly, and he could not but answer his own questions in the negative. Was the army excessive? “Are you more competent to indulge in the

"favourite dream of some people, that of fighting Europe all round? Does your navy show less alacrity in sinking?" In other words, the army is not too large; the navy is not too large; and therefore the alleged extravagance of expenditure might be supposed to be imaginary. It would have been more to the purpose, though not more accurate, to assert that the army, the navy, and the other great branches of the public service were maintained on an unnecessary scale of magnitude. It was on this point that Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT incessantly harped, instead of sneering at the supposed inefficiency of the army or the navy. But Mr. HARCOURT, having deprived himself of the most obvious ground for complaint, boldly proceeds to account for the 18,000,000*l.* which might, according to his theory, be saved. "I will venture to let you into the secret. It is muddled away. It is spent nobody knows how, and goes nobody knows where." And this is spoken in the presence of the SECRETARY for WAR by a supporter of the severest economists among Prime Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer. The public accounts are, it seems, so laxly kept, and the outlets of the Treasury are so carelessly guarded, that one-fourth of the whole expenditure of the country is muddled away in such a manner that it cannot even be traced. If Mr. HARCOURT is unable to trace any item of the total amount, his incapacity only proves that he has not studied the Estimates, or checked the Votes of Supply; or rather that he has not yet devoted to finance the great abilities which have enabled him to master more attractive branches of knowledge. Nothing is commoner than for patriotic members to complain of extravagance to which they are themselves parties; but few Liberal orators have rivalled Mr. HARCOURT in the boldness of paradoxical self-accusation. Ships cost more and guns cost more than in 1851, and the pay of the army and the allowances of the navy have since been increased. The Civil Service Estimates, which are annually canvassed by members less impatient of detail than Mr. HARCOURT, have been necessarily enlarged in consequence of the various extensions of the functions of Government. It is the interest, as it is probably the conscientious desire, of the Ministers to curtail as far as possible the public expenditure; and the result of their efforts, and the expression of their judgment, is the Budget from which Mr. HARCOURT proposes to make his startling reduction. It is impossible to believe that, if he had seriously considered the effect of his statements, he could have thought that if he were himself in power he could strike off from the annual charge on the country eighteen millions, or twelve millions, or six millions. It would be a valuable service to the country to reduce the outlay by a single million without diminution of efficiency; but vague declamation against the whole system of financial administration can only promote either useless discontent or unflattering incredulity. An able and astute member of Parliament who avers that 18,000,000*l.* are annually muddled away virtually avows that he has not taken the trouble to become acquainted with the subject which he discusses. The proposal, borrowed from Mr. BRIGHT, of a "free breakfast-table," and the more original demand for the abolition of the Income-tax, would only deserve to be discussed when the possible contingency of a surplus was first established. Mr. HARCOURT longs for a Government which would do equal justice to all classes of the community, and at the same time, by allotting to the payers of Income-tax the benefit of half of the whole reduction to be effected, he unconsciously admits that taxation is at present not inequitably distributed. It was not in this manner that Mr. HARCOURT proceeded when he was at home in his subject, and earnest in his desire to effect the change which he recommended. His scheme of legal and judicial reform, though both its principles and details may be open to criticism, was in one important respect a model project of reform. Knowing that legislation principally consists of details, Mr. HARCOURT took care to substitute a positive and complete system for the existing fabric. The titles, the salaries, the functions of the Judges, and the machinery of jurisdiction were all distinctly explained; and it was evident that the author of the plan was familiar at the same time with the institutions which he regarded as defective, and with the remedies which he undertook to provide. When he devotes equal attention to national finance, he will not content himself with the indolent and unmeaning proposition that eighteen millions are annually muddled away.

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

PRINCE BISMARCK has notified that henceforth he will use the German language instead of the French in his communications with Foreign Powers. As he has made this

announcement in a communication to Count ARNIM, it might at first seem as if he were using a rather petty means of humiliating France in its hour of weakness. But Count ARNIM is only just entering on his duties as German Ambassador in France, and as this is a new beginning of diplomatic intercourse which was necessarily interrupted by the war, it seems a fair occasion for instituting a new system. To Englishmen the change seems a very natural one, for during the present century it has become the habitual practice of the English Foreign Office to use English only in its despatches, and the example of England has been followed by other States. But for about a century and a half previously French had been almost the exclusive language of diplomacy, partly on account of the intrinsic merits of the language, and partly on account of the preponderating influence of France. Yet this was an artificial practice in harmony with what, according to the standard of the present day, may be called an artificial system. While nations were subjected to the personal influences and caprices of great people—of princes, Ministers, courtiers, and able adventurers—it was natural and advantageous that there should be some common mode of exercising personal influence in diplomacy. Diplomacy was then very often an affair of rapid and daring stratagems. The first Lord MALMESBURY once got a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance signed by a Sovereign in opposition to the known wishes of the Royal advisers, and the simple mode he adopted was to bribe a valet to keep the King's chief adviser out of the closet. This is a curious instance of what a century or so ago was possible in diplomacy; but it is by no means a solitary or a very exceptional instance. One or two influential personages acted for a nation, and a diplomatist was an adroit influential personage sent to lead or mislead the local influential personages of a foreign State. For such purposes it was exceedingly convenient that all European people of importance should know at least that sort of French which was familiar to GEORGE II. and the Empress CATHERINE, and which sounded enough like French to make rapid communication possible between those who spoke it and any one who knew French. But now diplomacy is a very different matter. It consists partly in the communication of the official views and intentions of the Government which the diplomatist represents, and partly in the collection of all kinds of information as to the country in which the diplomatist resides. If a Government wishes to make a communication, it naturally wishes to do so in its own language; and if it is to receive information, it desires that this information should be procured by a man who speaks, not French, but the language of the country to which he is sent.

The announcement of Prince BISMARCK may therefore be said to point to the two new uses and purposes of diplomacy. The Government of a State desires that a foreign Government should precisely understand what are its opinions, of what it complains, what it fears, what precautions it thinks ought to be taken, what line it may itself be preparing to take. Those who write such despatches can never write them properly in any language but their own. They know, or at least ought to know, what words and phrases mean in their native tongue, but they can never be sure that they are fully embodying in language what they wish to embody when they speak a foreign language. Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR is quoted by Professor BERNARD, in his very instructive lecture on Diplomacy, as having said that, as he should always prefer using his own sword, so he should always prefer speaking his own language on important diplomatic occasions. If Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR felt this, all diplomatists must feel it; for it was certainly through no want of ability or knowledge that he was sensible of the need of using the one instrument of the expression of thought with the use of which he was perfectly familiar. A foreign language cannot always be made to express exactly what is wanted; and it may be observed that French, although excellently fitted in some respects as a common vehicle of expression, is in other respects badly fitted. It has, especially under the influence of the vague and grandiloquent writers of the last half-century, a fatal tendency to run into words and phrases which may mean almost anything. French looks clear because the language lends itself easily to very clear arrangement; but it looks very often clearer than it is, for it is full of expressions which seem to mean much and may mean very little, or which may seem to mean little but may be easily shown by those who use them to have meant a great deal. The language of modern French diplomacy teems with such words as "solidarity," "unification," "eventualities," and so forth, which always make a reader feel as if he were a provincial *maire* and LOUIS NAPOLEON was addressing him under

a triumphal arch. Nor is this all. Diplomatic documents are now to a very large extent the property not of diplomatists but of the public. A despatch from Prince BISMARCK to Count ARNIM is very possibly meant as a manifesto to Germany. The celebrated despatch to Washington in relation to the Trent affair, which is said to have been very largely the work of the late PRINCE CONSORT, was meant to be, and was immediately accepted as, a solemn calm justification of the course taken by the Government before the tribunal of England and the world. Such despatches ought never to be written in any language but that of the country which has to make the words of the writers good. And the same may be said, although of course in a less degree, as to diplomatic documents of minor importance. The Duke of GRAMONT has within the last few days been called before a Commission of Inquiry, and to justify the course he took in the summer of 1870 he has placed in evidence two documents, one from the English Ambassador at Berlin, in which, as he states, the Ambassador announced that Prussia was bent on war; and the other from the English Ambassador at Paris, which, according to the Duke, stated that the intentions and tone of the French Government were very conciliatory. The English diplomatists thus appealed to will of course be desirous that their words should be fairly and carefully judged and appreciated by every one, but more especially they will be desirous that this should be done by Englishmen. A correct and critical judgment cannot possibly be formed in England unless the documents have been originally written in English. In short, in whatever way the point is regarded, it becomes evident that when diplomatic documents are presented in the name of, and are to be judged by, a nation, they must be written in the language of that nation, and not in any foreign tongue.

The change from French to German in the diplomatic documents addressed by Germany to France also falls in with the other great change in the character of diplomacy. The modern diplomatist ought to be expected and forced to make himself as much as possible acquainted with the language of the country to which he is sent. While French was the common language of diplomacy, an idle young man who knew French thought he had nothing more to learn. He could always do a little trifling business, or have a little gossip with persons inhabiting the country to which he was sent, if they belonged to the same circles as he did, and could speak French equally well. If all that the Foreign Office required was a guess at the possible caprices of a Sovereign, his mistress, or his Prime Minister, the young diplomatist could collect in the French tongue as much material for worthless guessing as he conceived himself to require. But if a diplomatist is to be regarded, as every year he is being more regarded, as a person one of whose main duties lies in making himself master of all the information he can get hold of as to the country to which he is sent, in order not only that correct political judgments may be formed by his chiefs, but that the nation to which he belongs may be guided in its own legislation, aided in its commerce, and enabled in every respect to deal with more intelligence and honesty in all its intercourse with the natives of the country where the diplomatist resides, he must learn to talk the language of that country. Nor will any nation gain so much as France itself by such a change in the habits of diplomatists. Frenchmen have suffered above all other men by French being so extensively used in diplomacy. French diplomatists started knowing so much that they would learn nothing more. It is said that many members of the body of French diplomatists residing two years ago in different parts of Germany were totally unacquainted with the German language, and yet they were expected to send home accurate and trustworthy reports as to the state of German feeling and opinion with regard to a war with France. A very large portion of the disgraceful ignorance among Frenchmen of almost every class which showed itself in the late war, and which was so large a cause of the disasters of the country, may be traced to the fact that Frenchmen considered it the business of foreigners to learn French, and not that of Frenchmen to learn foreign languages. If every nation writes its diplomatic documents in its own language, this peculiarity of the French mind will necessarily act with feebleness. Not that French as a medium of international communication will soon, or perhaps for a very long time, lose its hold on Europe. There are occasions when the use of French as such a medium will prove to be very useful in diplomacy. At a Congress or Conference, for example, it would be distracting if every diplomatist sitting round the table used a different language, and the readiest

means of arriving at being intelligible would be for all to talk French. There are some countries, too, which, if they want to be listened to at all, must use a language that Europe generally can understand. If the Government of the Danubian Principalities had anything to say to Europe, it would be absurd for it to write in Roumanian. Probably for some time to come even Russia must use either German or French in diplomacy. Changes like these, to which Prince BISMARCK's announcement points, are not made suddenly or as a whole. They steal on gradually, and only make themselves felt and seen in proportion as an altered state of society permits them to gain strength.

LORD RUSSELL ON RELIGION AND LIBERTY.

A STATESMAN of Lord RUSSELL's eminence must be supposed to have a meaning in all that he writes, but this assumption is subjected to a strain of extraordinary severity by his letters to Mr. ALFRED BOURNE. It is clear indeed that Lord RUSSELL is dissatisfied with certain "enemies of religious liberty"; but as his ordinary condition is to be dissatisfied with some one, and as, in his own estimation, Lord RUSSELL's enemies for the time being are always the enemies either of religious liberty or of the settlement of 1688, this discovery affords no clue. Perhaps if Mr. BOURNE's letters had been printed along with Lord RUSSELL's the obscurity might have been in some degree removed. But nothing is known of this gentleman's share in the correspondence beyond the fact that he seems to have asked Lord RUSSELL to attend a meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, either at Stockwell in December, or in the Borough Road in January. If Lord RUSSELL's letters are any sample of what he would have said on these occasions, had he been able to attend, the Society may be congratulated on his determination to pass the winter at Cannes. At meetings of this kind it is usually thought well to avoid any subjects which might provoke differences of opinion among the members, and as, according to one interpretation of Lord RUSSELL's words, he would have appeared as the advocate of a new variety of concurrent endowment, this reasonable understanding might have been violated.

The historical survey which usually forms part of Lord RUSSELL's conception of a letter goes back in this instance no further than 1839. That was a remarkable year in the educational history of the country. Lord RUSSELL "obtained the sanction of the QUEEN to a declaration that she wished the youth of this kingdom to be religiously brought up, and the rights of conscience to be respected." The form of the sentence might be taken to imply that the QUEEN did not in the first instance wish anything of the kind, and that it was only under judicious pressure from Lord RUSSELL that she consented to forego her prepossession in favour of irreligious education and a disregard of the rights of conscience. Fortunately, however, HER MAJESTY's known character is enough to show that Lord RUSSELL could not have meant this inference to be drawn. Due attention has been paid to this expression of the QUEEN's wish "in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland," the last named country having been especially favoured by the planting "of a sapling, not of the upas-tree, but coming from an acorn of the British oak." It is rather puzzling to find the system of National Education established in Ireland in 1834 described as a sapling "coming from an acorn of the British oak" which was planted in 1839. This, however, might be only a bold figure of speech; what is harder to explain is how an educational system which neither in theory nor in practice has anything in common with the English system can be called a sapling from it. The characteristic feature of the Irish national system has always been the combination of united secular and separate religious instruction. The characteristic feature of the English system, down to the passing of the Education Act, was the employment of the same persons to give religious instruction and secular instruction. It is quite possible to hold that each of these systems was well adapted to the country and circumstances for which it was intended; but Lord RUSSELL has been the first to discover that the two are identical.

A further difficulty is presented by his remarks upon the Conscience Clause. Hitherto, it seems, all the world has been in ignorance as to the true nature of this expedient. It has been always supposed to be a device for the protection of religious liberty. Instead of this it was the invention of "some enemies of religious liberty." Now the Conscience Clause was not applied to English schools until long after 1839, and so far, Lord RUSSELL's dislike to it is chronologically consistent.

But it was applied to Irish schools from the very first; so that Lord RUSSELL presents us with the distracting spectacle of the same critic regarding a Conscience Clause as incompatible with religious liberty in a system into which it was introduced after a long interval, and compatible with religious liberty in a system into which it was introduced at starting. The history of the Conscience Clause in England as given in these letters is this:—Lord RUSSELL and the QUEEN wished a religious education and freedom of conscience to be secured to every Englishman. It “occurred, however, to some enemies of religious liberty that to give Dissenters a religious education and respect their rights of conscience was too much, that to have one of the two was quite enough for Dissenters. They . . . therefore invented the Conscience Clause.” The natural conclusion from this narrative would be that Lord RUSSELL has suddenly become an extreme Denominationalist. He wishes every child in England to receive religious as well as secular instruction at the expense of the community, and the only obvious means of securing this object is to send the children of each denomination to schools in which they will be brought up by teachers of their own creed. The objection to this plan, founded on its enormous cost, would in Lord RUSSELL’s eyes be of no moment. He has been told that if the “gracious intentions of the QUEEN of 1839”—this looks as though Lord RUSSELL thought the QUEEN of 1839 and the QUEEN of 1872 were different Sovereigns—are to be “fully carried into effect,” more room than is sufficient will be provided. “More,” he answers with heroic indignation, “than is sufficient for packing closely the boys and girls to be taught, but not more than sufficient for faith and conscience.” This notion of a certain minimum of cubic space being required for “faith and conscience” makes it evident that Lord RUSSELL is not the ardent Denominationalist which his desire that the State should give religious as well as secular instruction to “the youth of this kingdom” seemed to prove him, since, if separate schools were provided for the children of each denomination, there would be no necessary waste of room. The only alternative interpretation of his meaning is, that he wishes schools to be provided in which every English child may have an opportunity, if his parents choose, of being taught a sort of composite religion of which Lord RUSSELL appears to be the prophet. In this way, no doubt, very much more room would be provided than is “sufficient for packing closely the boys and girls to be taught,” since for every boy or girl so packed in a Church school, or in a Dissenting school, a similar amount of room would have to be kept in the Established RUSSELL school. Upon the doctrines of the religion for which he claims this magnificent endowment of empty benches Lord RUSSELL is silent. Its relations to Christianity seem to be friendly, for Lord RUSSELL intends that his converts shall be brought into the way of truth “without leaving their present church or chapel.” Its attitude towards the Founder of Christianity is one of positive patronage, for Lord RUSSELL, on the 20th of December, pronounces the comment on the Lord’s Prayer recorded in the Gospel to be “excellent”; and on the 25th of December—having, we may suppose, read the passage again to make sure that he had not bestowed his commendation on an undeserving object—he declared it to be “admirable.”

It is one disadvantage of a winter at Cannes that it interferes with the regular reading of English newspapers. At least this is the conclusion which necessarily follows from Lord RUSSELL’s description of the present position of the Education controversy. He denounces the driving all the children of Dissenters into the national schoolrooms as a hardship which even “the Tory Lord NOTTINGHAM” would not have inflicted, and then he adds:—“But the Tories of 1690 were more Liberal than the present Liberal House of Commons.” Lord RUSSELL apparently supposes that the present House of Commons has passed a law—in a winter Session, we presume, and without asking the concurrence of the House of Lords—for compelling all the children of Dissenters to attend Church schools. Here in England the course of events wears a slightly different aspect. The “just and deep offence” which, according to Lord RUSSELL, has been given to the Protestant Dissenters of England and Wales, consists, not in any attempt to drive their children into Church schools, but in the refusal of the House of Commons to sanction their attempt to drive the children of indigent parents belonging to the Church of England into schools to which they have a conscientious objection. If the grievance imagined by Lord RUSSELL had any existence in fact, it would be the exact counterpart of the grievance

which a section of the Dissenters are moving heaven and earth to inflict upon Churchmen and Roman Catholics. Perhaps when Lord RUSSELL returns to England he may see that it is not the less a hardship to drive a man’s child into a school which he dislikes because Lord RUSSELL happens to like it.

THE IDEAL WORKING-MAN.

THE *Times* happened to remark, in a recent article on the licensing system, that what was wanted was not the suppression of public-houses, but the establishment of “public-houses without drunkenness”; and this useful, though not particularly novel or profound, observation has been followed by an amusing correspondence about working-men’s clubs. Of course we do not mean that the correspondence is amusing in itself, for it is as dull and prosy as letters on such a subject might be expected to be; but only that it is amusing as an illustration of the extraordinary and complacent ignorance of working-men which is displayed by those who profess so much solicitude on their behalf. It is quite true that working-men in France or Germany do not, as a rule, give way to habits of intemperance to the same extent as working-men in this country, and one reason of this is that drinking is almost the sole recreation of the latter, while foreign artisans and labourers, even of the lowest class, have usually other sources of amusement at command. And it is very important that this should be remembered. Our countrymen are undoubtedly at a disadvantage as compared with their Continental brethren in this respect, and if anything can be done to place them on an equality, it will be a clear gain to the cause of temperance. It has been said that life is not all beer and skittles; but the association of ideas is not quite fair, and it is probable that, if there were more skittles, we should find a less exclusive devotion to beer on the part of our labouring population. Even if there were no diminution in the amount of liquor consumed, it would doubtless be better that men should, while drinking, play at some game which exercises their muscles, or, in however small a degree, their minds, than that they should be content to sit simply soaking and smoking in a dirty, ill-smelling, unventilated room. In France there is less difference between the personal habits of working-men and of middle-class citizens than might be supposed from the extreme divergence of their political sentiments. Each has a café which he frequents, and where he plays at cards, dominoes, or perhaps billiards, with his companions, when he has had enough of talking. The café of the *bourgeois* is rather cleaner and more brilliant in its decorations, perhaps his coffee is rather better or his sugared water of purer quality, than that of the mechanic, and occasionally he may indulge in some little luxuries which are denied to the latter; but substantially their recreations are much the same. The consequence is that, if a working-man rises in the world, he finds nothing particularly novel or irksome in the change of life; the difference is only one of quality, not of kind; and when he exchanges the blouse for broadcloth, he has no difficulty in accommodating himself to his new condition. On the other hand, an English workman who comes into a little money is apt to be a truly miserable object, for he can do little else than drink it, and is quite unused to any of the amusements or refinements of a higher social grade. The Australian gold-digger who, after trying a round of liquors, ordered the waiter to bring him a bottle of rum and charge it as champagne, was a type of his class. Probably the utmost that can be expected from legislation is that good order and decency should be maintained in the public-houses, and that the adulteration of liquors should be checked; but a great deal might undoubtedly be done to diminish intemperance by establishing public-houses in which the sale and consumption of drink should be only an incident of the business, and should be associated with amusements of various kinds.

The motives which have led philanthropic persons in various parts of the country to establish working-men’s clubs are of the most respectable kind, but it is unfortunate that before embarking in the enterprise they did not take the trouble to ascertain the peculiarities of the class for whom they had so kindly undertaken to procure a pleasant and wholesome lounge. It is obvious that working-men’s clubs are of no use unless working-men can be persuaded to frequent them, and it is in this rather essential particular that they appear to have generally broken down. Nice clean rooms, well lighted, well ventilated, with draughts and chess, a supply of religious periodicals, and a choice selection of works of an improving character, and perhaps a set of instructive maps, or a few

edifying pictures, have been provided; but, singular to say, the working-men will not enter the doors, or, if they come once, fidget about uncomfortably, and never return; the result being perhaps a two days' debauch at the "Blue Pig," as compensation for the shock to the nervous system which they experienced from the frigid and uncompromising proprieties of the model club-room. The good folk who have got up these prim little clubs seem to have forgotten, or never to have known, the human weaknesses of their kind. Of course, if working-men happened to be in want of moral improvement, and appreciated the proprieties, this would be just the place for them; but then that is precisely what they do not want. They are tired and thirsty, and perhaps rather sulky, after the day's work; they want to enjoy themselves in their own fashion, with a pipe and a mug of beer, in some place where they can stretch their legs and feel at home, and which shall not be so clean as to shame their own dingy clothes and faces. At the model club there is a solemn set of rules placarded over the mantelpiece, and smoking is forbidden. A visitor can indulge in the mild excitement of a cheap cup of tea or a bottle of lemonade, and in some cases the extreme concession has even been made of a glass of beer; that is to say, it is intimated that if anybody is hardened enough to ask for beer it will be produced; but it is not surprising that our friend in fustian should prefer the frank hospitality of the "Blue Pig," where the pot appears at his elbow as a matter of course, and the pipes lie in a heap on the dirty old table ready for use. One of the correspondents of the *Times*, who recognizes the importance of allowing working-men to amuse themselves in their own way, states that the committee of his club are so scrupulous on this point that they never go near the house, and that the rules are as few and as simple as possible; but it would appear that their simplicity is quite compatible with such a serious infringement of the liberty of the subject as an interdict on smoking. A similar mistake is usually committed by the benevolent people who build model lodging-houses. Here again we have an appalling code of rules and by-laws; everything must be kept so spotlessly clean and tidy that the class for whose especial benefit the buildings have been erected are scared away from them. Cleanliness and tidiness, instead of being attractive to them, are their peculiar abhorrence; and they would rather live in the freedom of a filthy court than in the decorous propriety of the model lodging-house, even if they had to pay double rent for the privilege of doing as they liked. Something might no doubt be done to wean the lower classes from their love of dirt and muddle, but it is quite certain that it can only be accomplished gradually and persuasively, and not by puritanical strictness or peremptory rules. And no good can come of providing for an ideal class of people, instead of taking working-men as they are, and making the best of them.

One of the most remarkable developments of modern mythology is the worship of the working-man as an impersonation of virtue and wisdom. It may be admitted that he has his good points, and is at the bottom by no means a bad sort of fellow, that his lot is in many respects a hard one, and that there is much which might and ought to be done to improve it. But this is not enough for the idolaters of labour. We are asked to admire the nobility of his life, and to accept his utterances on any subject as the perfection of human sagacity. He and his fellows are alone worthy of the attention of statesmen and legislators, and it is at once the duty and the privilege of the other classes of the community to pay his share of taxation for him, to educate him and his children free of expense, and to teach them a trade, if they do not think it beneath them to learn it; to provide him with a nice house and sunny garden in the pleasant outskirts of the town, with railways and tramways at nominal fares; and to compel shopkeepers to supply him with unadulterated provisions at cost price. It is true that the bargain is not to be altogether one-sided. In return for this liberal treatment on the part of his fellow-subjects, the working-man, we are assured, will in future be good enough to take all the responsibility of government and legislation off their hands. His simple instincts will make short work with the doubts and difficulties of statesmen and philosophers, and it will be unnecessary for the country at large to go through the costly and troublesome form of electing members of Parliament. It will be enough for the working-man to appoint delegates under a *mandat impératif*, although for the present this is a word which there may perhaps be some little difficulty in rendering into English. This is the ideal working-man of a certain school of politicians and philanthropists. If you labour with your hands, and are in receipt of weekly wages, you have a right

to consider yourself one of a superior order of mortals, and an admiring country will bow down before your august decrees, and make you comfortable out of the taxes. But if you happen to belong to any other class, if you work ever so little with your head as well as with your hands, if you are a clerk or a shopkeeper, you are outside of the charmed circle; and no matter how ignorant or incapable of reasoning you may be, your instincts are of no more value than if they were the matured opinions of educated and thoughtful men. It is of course inevitable under a system of Parliamentary government that the votes of the majority should determine what should be done on any question, but a very good reason can be given for this without insisting upon the inherent wisdom and justice of the class which has a numerical preponderance. The most amazing circumstance connected with this fantastic *culte* is that the object of it should be a personage who might be assumed to be so well known and familiar as the working-man. Judging from the extraordinary notions which appear to be entertained in regard to his character and habits, it might almost be imagined that he appeared on earth only at rare intervals, or that he lived somehow or other beyond the reach of observation. It is not easy to say why there should be any insuperable difficulty in getting at the natural history of the working-man. Most people, we fancy, have at some period of their lives met with a specimen of the class, and with a little research it might be possible to test the beautiful theories which are current in some quarters by a reference to realities. The moral superiority of the working-man is not, we fear, distinctly attested by the hard facts of life. There is reason to suppose that at home he is apt to be rather brutal and selfish; that he has a somewhat loose conception of paternal obligations; that he is not over-scrupulous either as to his work or his word; and that, as a rule, he drinks a great deal more than is good for himself or anybody who has to do with him. His wisdom is represented by the rules of the Trade Unions, and by the political declarations of those whom he allows to speak on his behalf. The politicians who profess to have such faith in the unerring instincts of the working-man, and the good people who imagine that he is the sort of person who is likely to find himself at home amid the decorous proprieties of a model club or model lodging-house would do well to look at him a little nearer at hand. They will find that he does not quite match their ideal; and, considering the circumstances of his life, it would perhaps be strange if he did. No class has a monopoly of virtue, and wisdom is not altogether a natural faculty. The working-man has his good qualities and his bad qualities, and the extravagant adulation with which he is too often treated is at once foolish and demoralizing. If he were less flattered he would perhaps be more respected.

A NEW LEAF.

IT gives us pleasure to think how many people have been resolving within the last few days to turn over a new leaf. It is not that we suppose that any large number of such resolutions will be kept, for that would be a very equivocal advantage. If virtue should be increased, the number of prigs and bores would also be multiplied incalculably; for it may be assumed that at least nine-tenths of the good resolutions in question are due to the desire of leading a perfectly methodical existence. The pleasure of which we speak is the pleasure of thinking how many innocent enthusiasts there are in the world who retain some faith in the virtue of a resolution. Though we condemn presumption and self-conceit, there is no doubt that they are the cause of an immense deal of happiness to their fortunate possessors; and surely the most satisfactory of all feelings must be the conviction that you are able to fix your future character for yourself. Who would not envy a young gentleman who really believes that he has only, as it were, to pass a kind of private Act of Parliament in order to lay down the outlines of his future conduct? We have no doubt that many thousands of young ladies and gentlemen have been giving this proof of a touching freshness of mind on the opening of a new year. It is true indeed that they will very soon lose this energetic faith in their own autocratic power. A very few years of experience will teach them to be less sanguine, and therefore less lavish in their resolves. As the character stiffens we become conscious that there are certain changes which are not to be had by wishing for them, however strenuously. Some people find out by five-and-twenty that early rising is beyond their power, and others that nothing will make them love their neighbours. They may endeavour to make the best of their qualities, such as they are, and to find one of those positions in life in which punctuality is no object, or a power of inflicting pain without flinching more desirable than a disposition to make things pleasant. Fortunately, there is room in the world for most qualities; but long before we are middle-aged we learn that our main hope must lie in changing

our circumstances and not our qualities. If internal experience does not enforce this lesson upon us, a man must be lucky indeed upon whom it has not been impressed from without. Such of our readers as have the good or ill fortune to be rich and benevolent have probably had many reminders of this kind lately. They have had one more appeal from the impecunious friend who declares, with his usual solemnity, that he is about to turn over a new leaf and never again get into debt. They have been requested to give another chance to the drunkard who is this time really going to take the pledge and keep it. They have been invited to be reconciled to the relation who has definitely sown his crop of wild oats, and is never to make a bet or attend a horse race again. They know well enough what would be the simplest, and perhaps in the end the kindest, course; that they had better, so far as their own interests are concerned, recommend the fast young gentleman to go to the diggings or any other place where revolvers are used as recklessly as possible, that the dipsomaniac should be enabled to drink himself to death, and the gentleman in difficulties take the shortest possible road to the workhouse. Why struggle to keep a man's head just above the waters into which you know him to be irremediably sinking? The process is a laborious one for us, and we should be inclined to fancy that it could not be an agreeable one for him. As for the vain hope that a good resolution will change the course of the unfortunate victim's life, that is altogether too shadowy a prospect to be taken into account by reasonable men. As Christians we are forbidden to despair of our neighbour, or at least to refuse to offer him a helping hand; but as men of business we feel that our hope is of the smallest, and only trust that our merit in giving help may be proportioned to the depth of our conviction of its uselessness.

There are few people who have not had enough of such experiences to regard the boyish trust in good resolutions as one of the most groundless illusions of childhood. We have ourselves made so many good resolutions, and we have watched the results of so many good resolutions of other people, that it is impossible for us any longer to be sanguine. We can probably remember the time when we resolved to keep a regular diary, to make careful abstracts of all the standard authors in the language, to work out a grand philosophical system which should reconcile all the conflicting views of different schools, to reform the world, and to keep our accounts accurately, and we know how small a part of these admirable schemes has ever borne fruit in practice. We have probably been less disappointed by the shortcomings of our neighbours; but in one way or other we have ceased to regard the resolution to turn over a new leaf as being identical with, or even as being a probable preliminary to, turning it over in practice. We feel a keen sympathy with poor Dr. Johnson, who continued for seventy years to resolve that he would be an early riser, with no nearer success at the end of that period than at the beginning. And yet, after all, we must admit that, under some circumstances, a good resolution may be rather useful than otherwise. A habit of making good resolutions is indeed a very dangerous thing. It has sometimes been argued that reading novels and poetry is on the whole prejudicial to the moral nature, because it leads us to be satisfied with the cultivation of our benevolent emotions without applying them to any practical purpose. On the same principle, it should be dangerous to be always picturing ourselves as the possessors of every virtue under heaven without making any distinguishable progress towards the accomplishment of our wishes. Our will, it is said, becomes enervated when we acquire a habit of aspiring without carrying our aspirations to their legitimate fulfilment. And of course it is true that good resolutions are objectionable if they produce no dividend whatever. Yet it is possible for a man to improve, however rare the phenomenon may be; and if, by resolving to get up an hour earlier—early rising is so frequent a subject of good resolutions that we cannot avoid drawing our illustrations from that source—we succeed in actually rising five minutes earlier, or even in stopping our natural downhill course towards rising later, we have done something. Indeed it must be admitted that there is frequently something to be gained by forming good resolutions at such stated periods as the beginning of a new year; our lives run so much in grooves that it is useful occasionally to change our point of view, and endeavour for a few moments to see ourselves from the outside. It is not unfrequent for a man on such an occasion to gain sudden glimpses which reveal to him his whole life in a different aspect from that to which he is accustomed. He may find out for a moment that he has been frittering away his time and talents on totally unworthy objects, and may resolve to take some plunge—into matrimony, for example, or into a different profession—which will entirely alter his whole scheme of existence. Cases probably occur when a man discovers that he is and has been for many years a fool; and though that useful piece of knowledge is likely enough to be forgotten when he has returned to his usual routine, it is nevertheless a discovery which may leave some traces upon his career. No man is quite the same after he has once distinctly said to himself, I have made an unequivocal blunder in the whole theory of my life.

This, however, refers to a conjuncture of circumstances which is not likely to occur more than once or twice to any man. The more normal case of good resolutions, the determination to break off some bad habit or to raise the general tone of character, is less likely to lead to tangible results. Yet even here something may occasionally be done. We need only refer to the change known amongst certain classes of religious fanatics as conversion. Very often

that phrase means nothing more than a fit of temporary excitement; sometimes it implies a simple change of dialect, whilst the character remains essentially the same; but it would be absurd to deny that, whatever may be the philosophy of the case, the term sometimes denotes a very remarkable change of character even amongst the most unimaginative and commonplace of mankind. But without dwelling upon topics of this exalted nature, something may be done by ordinary human beings if they are content not to expect too much. Everybody, as the common phrase goes, is a fool or a physician by forty; some people are both; and, to transfer the doctrine from the physical to the moral health, everybody should have learnt before that period what is the method of treatment by which he may be coaxed into some kind of improvement. A good resolution is a medicine of which the amount and the mode of application require to be carefully considered; and no very plain rules can be laid down beyond that tact which is inexplicable even to its possessor. An overdose is very apt to turn the stomach, and too small a dose may produce no effect at all. Perhaps the only general principle is that the moral, like the physical, medicine can do very little beyond securing fair play to nature. It would be absurd, for example, though nothing is more common, for a person who is never capable of catching a train or answering a letter to determine to become all at once a model man of business; but some moderate improvement may occasionally be brought about by judicious measures. As a rule, a person sets about the work of reform by putting up an elaborate set of pigeon-holes, laying in a store of red tape, and resolving to answer every letter by return of post. The result is of course that in a short time he finds that he has a more elaborate machinery than he ever before possessed for reducing things to a state of systematic chaos. A more limited ambition might have produced happier results. If, for example, the patient had resolved to destroy all his papers without an effort to preserve them, and to allow such business as he neglected to do itself without struggling to interfere in the process, he might have obtained a kind of inverted order, which is certainly not of the most desirable kind, but which is perhaps more congenial to him and more satisfactory in the long run than any compromise between confusion and perfect arrangement. But if we attempted to discuss such matters, we should be drawn into inconvenient detail. All that can be said generally is that making good resolutions is a fine art, which requires a good deal of time and attention. Our ordinary spasmodic efforts at turning over a new leaf end for the most part in nothing but disgust; but if we carefully measure what we can do, and consider what are the means really within our power, we may sometimes succeed, not in substituting good qualities for bad, but in so distributing our energies as to make our bad qualities rather less obnoxious to ourselves and our neighbours than they have hitherto been; and that, it must be admitted, is far from a contemptible result.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE French Academy has recently filled the vacant chairs of four of the most remarkable of the Immortals who within the last fifty years have been gracefully handed down to oblivion in the customary *Eloge*. M. de Montalembert, who is succeeded by the Duke of Aumale, deserves to survive the literary obsequies which must, in the course of French nature, be performed over his remains, and, thanks to the name and merits of his successor, the ceremony will probably be something better than a form of painless extinction. Happy at least in the opportuneness of his death, happy assuredly in the hour of his departure from a world of disenchantments and regrets more difficult to endure than disease and pain, the felicity of his release is ratified by the posthumous good fortune of being consigned to the cenotaph of the Palais Mazarin by the heir and historian of the House of Condé. The Liberal, the Catholic, the Royalist, the constitutional and Parliamentary orator and writer, could not have desired a biographer more capable of doing justice to a life of impassioned fidelity to honour and conscience, to the eloquence that never quailed before despotism or anarchy, and to the faith and piety that never deserted the cause of human freedom or confounded reaction with religion. M. de Montalembert belonged to the choicest type of Academicians, such as we cannot doubt that the great Cardinal designed. It is a vulgar popular fallacy, and a ceaseless cuckoo-cry of the small literary whippers of the Boulevards that Richelieu, because he amused his leisure moments in writing bad verses and worse plays, created the Academy as a representative body of professional men of letters. To support this theory it is assumed that Richelieu was anxious in the first instance to establish a privileged *camaraderie* of authors and critics, who would naturally indulge his own literary pretensions, and surround him with the reflected halo of their own renown. Richelieu may very probably have been more vain of his verses than proud of his statesmanship. But it was the statesman, not the poetaster, that founded the Academy; and he founded it, not as a republic of authors, though he was certainly not insensible to the rising intellectual glory of his country, but partly as a department of intelligence in which the licence of the unruly tribe of penmen might be placed, without their knowing it, under some sort of State supervision and control, and partly as a school of good manners and polite traditions, which should infuse through the middle classes of society a spirit of aristocratic repugnance to innovation. Richelieu never intended the Academy to be a society of men of genius or of literary men. What he

wanted was a select company of representative men of all recognized ranks and orders and talents in the realm, statesmen, ecclesiastics, lawyers—the aristocracy of the sword, the Church, the robe, and the pen, with a moderate mixture of companions—and he meant to keep this miscellaneous company well in hand without imposing the slightest perceptible restraint upon their dangerous pastimes. The history of the Academy from 1637 to the present year is a fulfilment of the Cardinal's sagacious purpose. All the more or less pungent or insipid pleasantries which have been levelled at the institution by the rival occupants of the Forty-first Chair, who have stood generation after generation idly sneering and shivering at the portals, trying to keep their vanity warm with mutual assurances of indifference and superiority, attest the strength and soundness of Richelieu's foundation, and the singular uniformity with which his original design has been preserved in the midst of revolutionary perturbations and vicissitudes. It will be found, with a very few exceptions, that the Academy has always been a composite collection of men not invariably eminent, not always literary, but mostly mediocre, and discreet, tempering gaiety with gravity and liveliness with severity, and preserving in their mannered compliments and faint allusive whiffs of irony, something of the faded perfume of an old régime.

It would be easy of course to name decided instances of Academicians in a period of two centuries and a half who have not answered to this general description. Before and since the Revolution brilliant and destructive writers have figured in the illustrious fauteuils, and have sat side by side with infidels and heretics. But these writers have been the friends or the clients of great social and political personages, and the infidels and heretics have been Cardinals and Abbés. The Academy has persistently shut its doors against the literary adventurers, the pure and simple "gentlemen of the press," or what we should call in these days the Bohemian tribe. Aggressive heterodoxy it has repelled rather as a sin against the forms and usages of good society than as a sin against dominant beliefs. In the last century it shut its doors against the greatest man of letters of the time, until he had written a mock and therefore doubly humiliating recantation. And yet Voltaire had given a home to a Jesuit refugee; he had dedicated a tragedy to the Pope; he had restored a church and personally dedicated the sacred edifice to the Deity; he was chamberlain to a King, and the familiar correspondent of monarchs, Ministers, and marshals; and, after all, it was not so much his letter of submission to the Church as his considerable social relations throughout Europe which secured a seat among the Forty for the author of a national epic and of classic tragedies, for the expounder of the philosophy of Locke and the science of Newton, for the historian of the grand epoch of "all the glories" of France. As a man of letters Diderot was only second to Voltaire, but Diderot was a "Bohemian." What sort of men of letters, it has often been asked, would an English Academy elect if it proceeded on French principles and precedents? Perhaps the patrons and Committee of the Royal Literary Fund, and the members of the famous Literary Club, would be the natural representatives of such an institution in the present day. In former generations such men as Addison, Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Burke, Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson might have been typical Academicians. It is not difficult to recognize the many well-known and popular names in our literature that would have found no place in the company, and we can imagine the taunts of the ready writers of the journals and the circulating libraries, when a bishop, a dean, a Privy Councillor, or a ponderous essayist was chosen, and a novelist or a playwright was rejected. Fortunately, an Academy of Literature is as little likely to be established on this side of the Channel as a Provisional Republic. We have only suggested a fanciful analogy by way of illustrating the false conception of Richelieu's Academy as a society of professional men of letters. No doubt it was to be the supreme guardian and arbiter of the literary language; it was to be entrusted with the laborious monopoly of compiling a couple of dictionaries—one for common use and the other classic and historical. The former of these tasks was indeed accomplished in the course of the last century, and the work has passed through some five or six editions; the latter has advanced, we believe, as far as the fifth letter of the alphabet, and at the present rate of progress will probably be completed in the thirtieth century. The First Napoleon, who had his reasons for detesting the Immortals, complained bitterly of their neglect of the founder's intentions in the matter of the Dictionary; he would willingly have transformed the Academy into a sort of literary Council of State. He did not quite succeed in this; it was not so easy as to sterilize the national intelligence, to silence the free voices he could not subdue, and to suspend the verdict of history.

Under the Restoration and the Monarchy of July the elections to the Academy were, for the most part, if we have correctly interpreted the founder's intentions, in strict accordance with his original purpose. The mere literary man, professionally speaking, was consistently excluded; but the eloquent statesman and parliamentary debater, the high-bred ecclesiastical dignitary, the voluminous national historian, the correctly classical dramatist, the ingenious professor, the novelist of society, the literary critic, and the poet when he was also a peer of France, were admitted without misgiving, and without putting too fine a point on questions of confession or conformity, or prying into secrets of the conscience. M. Mérimée, for example, to whom M. de Lomenie succeeded, wrote exquisite fictions in a perfect style; his intel-

lectual resources were rich and various, his culture was delicate and refined; but in politics he was nothing but a sceptic until the Second Empire made him a Senator for what they call in our Navy "particular service"; and in religion, if he had any, it is enough to say that he was the bosom friend and disciple of Henri Beyle. M. Villemain, so long the Permanent Secretary of the Academy, to whose chair M. Littré has so worthily succeeded, was the French Quintilian, a consummate Latinist and critic, a Professor equally versed in ancient and modern literature, a Liberal-Conservative Minister of Public Instruction, and as good a Catholic as Voltaire when he corresponded with a Cardinal. The lamented Prevost-Paradol, whose seat, so early filled and so early vacant, is now occupied by a gentleman conspicuously unknown to the world at large as the historiographer of the French War Office and the compiler of a very weighty abstract of French history, owed his election to the conditions and circumstances of the time in which his lot was cast as a political writer on the Liberal side under a military despotism. A fellow-student of About and Taine at the École Normale, he chose a political career on the losing side, and the losing side at that time, if displeasing to the gods, was pleasing to the Immortals. He fought for the good cause with the only weapon a Liberal could use, a rapier of keen and polished irony, "the ice-brook's temper." While his friend About was sporting himself in Bohemia, and accepting the hospitalities of Compiègne as one of the lighter sort of guests of "the third series," Prevost-Paradol was combating and suffering on behalf of all the necessary liberties. It was the example of respectability, of moral courage, and of moderate constitutional liberalism which the Academy rewarded in the person of that attached disciple of M. Thiers, who was destined by the cruel sarcasm of fate to fall as suddenly as he had risen, and with the losing cause, a victim to the blandishments of M. Émile Ollivier, and who removed himself abruptly from the scene after the manner of a Roman Stoic under the Cæsars, because he could not face his friends at home whose warnings he had disregarded, or bear witness to the fulfilment of his own prophetic fears. Were the French Academy what it is ignorantly accused of not being, and what it was never designed to be, a purely literary society, assuredly the claims of M. Prevost-Paradol were neither superior to those of M. About nor equal to those of M. Taine. M. de Lomenie may be considered an average specimen of the literary Academician; his name indicates a more than satisfactory social position; he is an agreeable Professor, a painstaking and not too sparkling biographer, and in politics and religion he belongs to the *juste milieu*, that "safest middle" of moderate and reasonable men of the world. The Duke of Aumale, if he were nothing but a Liberal commoner returned from exile, would have amply deserved an Academician's fauteuil by his literary qualifications, his public services, and the perfect dignity of his life and conduct. The minority of one by which M. About lost his election may well surprise those who remember his diverting, but not dignified, political gyrations under the last régime, his attacks, his adulations, his services, his desertions, his simulated disdain and his versatile sympathies, better than the pathetic charm of his *Tolla*, the delicate observation and genial wit of his *Mariages de Paris*, the sound sense and vivid clearness of his chapters on *Progress* and his *Workman's A B C*, and the incisive mockery of his *Roman Question*. There is no denying that as a literary handicraftsman he is of the lineage of Voltaire; but the writer of those atrocious letters in *Le Soir* at the opening of the war of 1870, who gloated over the coming slaughter of the Germans, and depicted, in anticipation of coming events, the Turcos (who carry civilization in the folds of their flag) licking their lips at the sight of the *Blondes Bavauroises*, never had a spark of Voltaire's generous humanity in his breast, and was never capable of Voltaire's serious and exalted sympathy with suffering, his horror of cruelty and oppression, and his respect for the dignity of Letters. Still, as a mere literary artist, M. About is not an improper candidate for a chair in the Academy; and if he never wrote another line, his works would certainly be remembered for some years after M. de Pongerville's translations and M. Viennet's fables were forgotten. Nor is it an unwelcome aspect of the Academic development since the fall of Imperialism that a philosopher of M. Littré's calibre and independence is chosen, and that the author of *La Question Romaine* is only rejected by a single vote. Whether it be true that M. About's near approach to success was owing to the personal influence of the President of the Republic, who had promised and withdrawn a diplomatic appointment for which the Academy was expected to provide an honorary compensation, we cannot say. But the unprecedented and unwarrantable scandal of Bishop Dupanloup's virulent and violent attack upon M. Littré; that fiery prelate's endeavour to turn the Palace Mazarin into a Holy Office; his pamphleteering comminations, his restless conspiracies, his sudden and angry resignation of his seat among the Immortals, his precipitate descent from Olympus in a cloud of the blackest episcopal ink, and in a storm of his loudest episcopal thunder, warn us to abstain from too confident dreams of a republic of letters in which the ecclesiastical lion and the heterodox lamb will sit down together, and agree to differ.

Bishop Dupanloup's own qualifications for the Academy consisted principally in his having resisted Ultramontanism and Imperialism, and defended the Pagan classics against a bilious Abbé who insisted that the Catechism and the Lives of the Saints were a sufficiently nourishing and stimulating diet for the

intellect of youth. His own literary performances out of the pulpit are more remarkable for vigour than for refinement, and, as Mr. Disraeli would say, "want finish." On the other hand, the Bishop is almost the sole survivor of Gallicanism; he was the friend of Montalembert, and he believes in a constitutional monarchy. Wherefore this extraordinary outburst against M. Littré, the quietest, most blameless, most meritorious, most learned and laborious of citizens and philosophers? Bishop Dupanloup has been content to sit side by side with Voltairians like M. Viennet, translators and disciples of Lucretius like M. de Pongerville, Epicureans like M. Sainte-Beuve, cynics like M. Mérimée, philosophers like M. Cousin, who was more Platonic in his philosophy than in his passion for the fair penitents of the Fronde, and who fancied himself devout at an age when he could only hope to accompany Madame de Longueville to her Carmelite retreat. And now he shrinks, as at the breath of a pestilence, from contact with a man of Benedictine patience and learning, of the severest and simplest life, of incorruptible integrity, of perfect moderation in political opinion, who has never uttered or written an aggressive or mocking word against any Church or creed; but who, in an age of toleration and inquiry, and liberty of conscience and printing, has avowed that he prefers what he considers a scientific conception of human life and history, to some prevailing theological systems and formulas. Bishop Dupanloup appears to be one of those ecclesiastics who can tolerate any simulated uniformity better than any honest or open incredulity; and who resent, even more than conscience in a heretic, the example of public and private virtue in an unbeliever. If M. Littré were one of the well-behaved and sagacious Sadducees of society, who keep their opinions, if they have any, to themselves, he need never have parted company with the Bishop of Orleans on this side of the grave. Had he only buried himself for years in the compilation of a dictionary, without avowing himself to be a disciple of M. Comte, the Bishop of Orleans would be delighted to welcome him among, at least, the provisional Immortals of this terrestrial sphere. But although M. Littré long ago renounced the religious pretensions of his master, and solemnly withdrew from the church of Comte, it is enough that he should persist in acknowledging his obligations to that philosopher's scientific teaching and discipline, and his preference of the inductive to the theological interpretation of such facts as are accessible to finite intelligence, to make Bishop Dupanloup pronounce, of his own mere motion, the major excommunication upon his inoffensive colleague, and then, with admirable logic, instantly proceed to excommunicate—himself. It seems doubtful whether, according to the statutes of the Academy, the liberty of self-excommunication is allowed. Can an Immortal become again a mortal? That is the question upon which the French Academy will have to pronounce, if the Bishop should not recover his temper and almost persuade himself to be a Christian before his heretical friend, M. Littré, upon whom he, out of the abundance of his heart, has lavished so rich a vocabulary of charitable epithets, takes his seat as M. Villemain's successor. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the French Academy would contemplate the resignation even of a Bishop without much remorse, if only M. Émile Ollivier, whose election a year ago remains one of the most flagrant scandals in its history, could be persuaded to go and do likewise.

THE DOCTORS AND ALCOHOLISM.

THE declaration respecting alcohol which has just been signed by two hundred and fifty physicians and surgeons, headed by the Presidents of the two great Medical Colleges, and including nearly all the most eminent members of the profession, has certainly not appeared before it was required. We have ourselves more than once called attention to the increasing passion for stimulants which is observable in modern society, not only among the lower classes, but among educated and cultivated people, men and women alike, in the drawing-rooms of May Fair as well as in the Clubs of Pall Mall and the counting-houses of the City; and we are glad that the doctors have at last taken up the question in a serious manner. There are some scandals about which it is perhaps well to say as little as possible, but there are other scandals which must be boldly faced if any good is to be done, and which cannot be hushed up, however strong may be the desire and however general the consent that they should be treated as non-existent. The drinking habits of the upper and middle classes seem to us to have reached a point at which they clearly belong to the latter category. It is necessary to speak out and to call things by their right names in order that those who are now dallying more or less unconsciously with a degrading and ruinous vice may see the peril of their ways and make a resolute effort to turn from them. In any comparison between the present generation and our grandfathers or great-grandfathers it is usually assumed that we are superior to them at least in our temperate use of intoxicating liquors. Gentlemen no longer come reeling into the drawing-room after a debauch at the dinner-table. Five-bottle men have gone the way of the dodo and the pterodactyle, and the days of prolonged potations are at end. At a dinner party the gentlemen rejoin the ladies after a brief interval, sometimes following them at once to the drawing-room. Heavy drinking is regarded as a disgraceful anachronism, and a

man who gets drunk excludes himself from good society. All this is very true, but it does not quite prove the assertion that we are a more sober people than our grandfathers; it only proves that we do not get drunk in the same way as they did. It is quite possible to drink a great deal of liquor, even of strong liquor, without yielding to that absolute intoxication which reveals itself in inarticulate speech, staggering movements, or senseless stupor. A good deal depends on whether the liquor is consumed at a sitting or in drams taken at intervals during the day. Violent or helpless intoxication is but one among many phases of drunkenness. It may be said that it is only navvies or the lower order of mechanics and petty shopkeepers who now allow themselves to be seen in this condition. Some of them are confirmed sots, and are always tipping; but as a rule, when men of this class get drunk, it is not by means of habitual drams, but as the natural conclusion of a drinking bout in which they have engaged with a distinct expectation, if not expressly for the sake, of this result. There is a "big drink" recurring with more or less frequency, and in the intervals they are perhaps as sober as judges. This was once the way in which gentlemen settled down to their cups, and the fashion has been gradually descending in the social scale. Of course it is a disgusting and brutish habit, and it may be hoped that in the course of time it will be cast off by the labouring population as it has been by the gentlefolks, judicious legislation perhaps assisting the natural process. But what we are now concerned to point out is that this is after all only one kind of drunkenness, and not in all respects the most dangerous and destructive kind. Its very grossness and the violent external indications which accompany it supply to some extent a warning, if not a corrective. It is a rock on which no vessel can split unawares. There is a sharp, unmistakable penalty for each carouse, which suggests reflection and encourages reform. If a man goes to the dogs in this manner, he goes with his eyes open, and everybody can see plainly what has happened, and can put together cause and effect and draw the necessary moral. It is the strong still current of the stream above the falls, the fatal grip of which is not appreciated until it is too late to struggle against it, which is most to be dreaded. It is possible for a man to be very much the worse for drink, as the phrase is, both in a moral and physical sense, without showing it in his gait or speech, and even to be all but a confirmed drunkard without himself being more than faintly aware of the peril in which he stands. Hence the serious and alarming aspect of the kind of drunkenness which is now becoming so prevalent in society, even in quarters where it has hitherto been little suspected; drunkenness which, stopping short of absolute intoxication, takes the form of a perpetual and feverish craving for alcoholic excitements, for nips and drams, for odd glasses of sherry and "spots" of brandy at irregular hours. As a mere matter of hygiene, it would probably be better for a man to get fairly drunk once or twice every few weeks than to yield himself in bondage to an evil desire, which, when once indulged, establishes its dominion by preying on the stomach and destroying the appetite of its wretched victim, and thus compelling him to depend on stimulants for sustenance. It is possible for a time to make alcohol a substitute for food, but of course it can only be for a time, and the end is certain, and often swift in coming.

It may be admitted that there is more refinement in the drinking habits of the present day than in those of the past century; but it is a mistake to take mere grossness as a measure of vice. Sir Walter Scott's grand-aunt once confessed to him that she, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, was ashamed to read Mrs. Behn's novels, which, sixty years before, she had heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles consisting of the best society in London. The frank obscenities of Mrs. Behn are still more out of date now; but it would be rash to assume that the delicately worded fiction of some of our own lady novelists does not supply a more insidious and dangerous poison. A similar remark may perhaps be made with regard to the more decorous indulgence in stimulants which has been substituted for the simple brutality of sitting down to drink steadily and without intermission until the host and his guests fell dead drunk under the table. In the latter case there was at least a limit to drinking for the time, and nature was able to impose an interval of sobriety before the next debauch. But the habit of taking drams and nips may be continued, almost without cessation, from one year's end to another, until paralysis or delirium intervenes. There is of course a constant tendency to increase the dose, and the tippler's condition is always becoming more pitiable and helpless; but his descent is smooth and not interrupted by the shocks which pull up the more violent drunkard in his desperate career, and almost compel him, in spite of himself, to reflect on the misery and degradation which he is accumulating for himself. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the signs of the times. On every side we see proofs of the increasing habit of drinking at all hours of the day. The railway stations are becoming vast drinking-saloons. There are few bakers or confectioners who do not exhibit a decanter and glasses on their counter. The theatres present the appearance of a succession of bars. One of the newest of them opens into a tavern, which shares the same roof, and may be regarded as part of the same establishment; while visitors to another find barmaids established in bowers of bottles at every turn of the central staircase and in every spare nook and corner of the auditorium. It might almost be supposed that the day is not far distant when the West-end theatres will borrow a leaf from their humble suburban rivals, and

provide every accommodation for industrious drinking during the performances. As if this abundant public provision for the insatiable thirst of the community were not sufficient, it appears that it has of late become the custom for commercial men to set up a private bin, or at least bottle, in their places of business. No counting-house would seem to be considered complete without a well-stocked cellaret, and it is hinted that attorneys' chambers are fitted up with equal care for similar rites. If it is true that there was more downright drunkenness fifty or sixty years ago, on the other hand it may be doubted whether the consumption of liquor has not greatly increased. There are apparently not a few people who are under the impression that, with the exception perhaps of brandy and whisky, no intoxicating drinks are now in use, champagne being only a kind of lemonade, and sherry as innocuous as currant wine, while claret, of course, is only a sort of coloured water. It would perhaps occasion considerable surprise if the amount of raw alcohol contained in the light wines which are so much in favour, and which are triumphantly referred to as a proof of the increasing sobriety of the nation, could be extracted and exhibited. Most of the low-priced sherry is only brandy-and-water in disguise, but the brandy which forms the principal basis of the deleterious compound bears no relation to the juice of the grape; it is a fiery, corroding spirit, distilled from potatoes, beet-root, grain, or perhaps even from timber. Some people flatter themselves that, if they keep to a very dry sherry, they are safe; but dry sherries, to any degree of dryness, are now to be had at any price, the wine-merchants having discovered that the addition of nitre will produce the desired flavour. Much of the cheap claret which is consumed under the impression that it is a light temperance beverage is also highly fortified with coarse spirits. It may be observed that persons who are accustomed to this so-called light wine often disparage the better kinds as tame and insipid. The introduction of cheap wines into this country has proved, we suspect, a very questionable advantage. Quantity for quantity, it may be better to drink a simple claret than strong port; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the claret usually sold is very far from being so simple and innocuous as is supposed, that it is consumed more freely and frequently than port was in former days, and that a large class of people who rarely drank wine at all, but contented themselves with water or light beer at their meals, are now in the habit of drinking several glasses of wine in a day. Formerly wine, in households of moderate means, was reserved for state occasions, a birthday or some other family festival; but now everybody drinks wine, or what is supposed to be wine, as a familiar indulgence. Every middle-class house with the least pretensions to respectability, down to the clerk's toy villa at Islington or Camberwell, boasts of a cellar, and there is always a supply of liquor temptingly at hand. If people do not get drunk as they used to do, it is certainly not because they have reduced their consumption of intoxicating drinks; and it is not certain that the modern fashion, although it may be more decorous, is an improvement as regards its effect on health and morals. The feverishness and restlessness of modern life, the morbid passion for excitement and sensation, the tendency to reckless speculation in business, and to a headlong pace in society, may without much difficulty be traced in a great measure to the increasing use of dangerous stimulants.

Under these circumstances, it is satisfactory to find that the doctors, who have great influence in such matters, are now turning their attention seriously to this canker of society. Some offence has apparently been occasioned by the opening statement of the Medical Declaration that, "it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by Medical Men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits"; but it is impossible to deny that the doctors, as a body, have made themselves responsible for a certain share of the mischief. Their sins in this respect have been sins both of omission and commission, and their reticence has perhaps been more injurious than their prescriptions. They have encouraged the use of stimulants, not only by administering them somewhat too freely in particular cases, but also by neglecting to challenge or rebuke undue indulgence with sufficient plainness of speech when it came under their notice. It is true that patients often take upon themselves to interpret the physician's advice in a sense agreeable to themselves, or to father upon him directions which he would be the last to give. What has been recommended for an emergency is adopted as a regular habit, and drops are magnified into drams. At the same time, although the doctors do not deserve all the blame which is cast upon them, it can hardly be said that they have shown that caution and that sense of grave responsibility which are necessary in prescribing so fascinating and dangerous a drug as alcohol. The Medical Declaration, in fact, hits the blot exactly when it says that "alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions for its use should be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess, or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past." If the doctors choose, they can do immense service by dissipating the superstitious exaggeration which prevails as to the value of alcohol as an article of diet; by warning their patients of the insidious and fatal advances of the appetite for stimulants if once encouraged; by compelling them to reckon up the extent of their regular potations; and by stripping off all disguise or illusion as to the character of the liquids consumed and the inevitable consequences of a disgusting and destructive

vice. It has been calculated that one ounce and a-half of absolute alcohol, or two ounces in the case of unusual mental or physical exercise, is about the maximum daily allowance for adult men, and three-quarters of an ounce (or two glasses of ordinary sherry) for women. Of course it cannot be expected that people should take their wine in measured phials; but it is well that it should be understood that it is only within narrow limits that stimulants can be safely taken, that frequent small doses, especially if taken apart from meals, are almost worse than an occasional overdose, and that drinking may be carried to an excessive and ruinous point without producing anything like absolute intoxication.

SWISS FEDERAL REFORM.

WE lately described the opening of that important Session of the Swiss Federal Assembly which has taken in hand the great work of a thorough revision of the Federal Constitution. One stage of that work has now been gone through. The *Nationalrath*, or House of Representatives, has debated and voted on some of the most important of the proposed changes, and has now gone home to enjoy its Christmas holiday and to meet again on January 15th. We have been a good deal amused at the kind and degree of notice which the proceedings of the Assembly have thus far met with in the English newspapers. We have nowhere seen any consecutive or intelligible account. But notices have come here and there at haphazard, which we suppose may pass as signs of the amount of knowledge which the ordinary English reader and writer has gained of Swiss political affairs. For instance, the last and nearly the first telegram which appeared in the daily papers announced that "the National Council had decided" that education should be so-and-so. We tried this form of words on a thoroughly impartial witness, and we found, as we expected, that the idea conveyed was that, when the National Council had decided a thing, there was no more to be said about it, and that what they had decided became law without more ado. The words certainly would not suggest to any one the notion that a measure—especially a constitutional amendment—which has only passed the National Council is a good deal further from being law than a measure which has only passed the House of Commons. No one would guess that the vote of the National Council was, in the case of an amendment of the Federal Constitution, only the first vote out of four; that the measure when it had passed the National Council could still be either rejected or amended by the Council of the States (*Ständerath* or Senate); and that, when the two Councils agreed on the form of the measure, it had still to be submitted to a vote of Yea or Nay at the hands both of the Cantons and of the nation at large. When an attempt has been made, as was done in at least one case by the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the question of *Établissement* or *Niederlassung*, to give some account of the points at issue, the account given has been such as to convey a somewhat exaggerated notion of the existing state of affairs. The Swiss citizen of one Canton settled in another Canton is certainly treated as a foreigner in many points of communal affairs; but it is by no means true to say that he is treated as a foreigner in cantonal affairs, in which he has exactly the same rights as a native of the Canton. Swiss politics are so complicated; they contain so many wheels within wheels, the Cantons within the Confederation and the Communes again within the Cantons; there are so many cross interests of Catholics against Protestants, of the *Welsh* Cantons against the German; the whole mode of procedure is so unlike anything that we are used to among ourselves, that the thread is somewhat difficult to follow even for those who have made Swiss affairs a special study, and the piecemeal announcements which the newspapers put forth from time to time must be wholly unintelligible to the general reader. Now that a break has taken place in the proceedings of the Assembly, it seems to be a good time to give some general account of what has been already done. We have followed the debates carefully throughout, and, to our thinking at least, they contain many points of extreme interest.

What has been done as yet has been for one branch of the Legislature—the *Nationalrath*, or *Conseil National*, the body which directly represents the Swiss people as a nation—to go in order through the first chapter of the Federal Constitution and the amendments on it which have been proposed in various quarters. This first chapter of the Constitution, the heading of which is *Allgemeine Bestimmungen*, or *Dispositions Générales*, deals with matters which for the most part are not in the strictest sense constitutional. The form of the Federal Government itself, its legislative, executive, and judicial branches, are dealt with in the second chapter of the Constitution, which the debates of the Council have not yet touched. Nothing therefore has been said as yet on the great question of the direct voice of the people in Federal legislation, nothing about the proposals known as *Veto*, *Referendum*, and *Volksinitiative*. The questions dealt with as yet are many of them very important, and they are of a very miscellaneous kind. Besides questions which have no great interest out of the country, the Council has been dealing with many matters which are worthy of the attention of political students everywhere, such as the constitution of the army, the relations of Church and State, especially in the matter of education, the codification of the civil and criminal law, and that most interesting question which has no exact parallel among ourselves, but which hangs on to so many political and historical questions in all times and places—the question of the rights of citizens settled in a *commune* which

is not their own by birth. On these points the National Council has had before it the proposals of a Committee of its own body and of another Committee of the *Ständerath*, as well as the proposals of the Federal Council (the executive Government), and the various proposals made in the course of debate by members of the Council itself. The proposals of the Select Committee of the House have been by no means universally accepted by the House itself. In some cases the National Council has preferred the proposals of the Committee of the *Ständerath*, and in other cases it has preferred the amendments of individual members. One or two points in the way of carrying on the debates at once strike an English reader. Though there are in Switzerland strongly marked political parties, yet the forms of the Constitution do not admit of anything exactly answering to a Ministerial and Opposition side of the House. As the Federal Council is chosen by the Assembly for the same term as the existence of the Assembly itself, there can never, in the ordinary course of debate, be any question as to keeping in or turning out this or that Administration. There is no room therefore for anything answering to our Treasury Bench; there is no opportunity for any one member to hold the position, one unknown to the law, but so familiar and important in practice, of our Leader of the House. It follows that the functions of the President are somewhat more extensive than those of our Speaker. He to some extent unites the functions of Speaker and Leader of the House, so far at least as concerns such matters as suggestions as to the order of business in the House, which in England fall to the Leader of the House, but in Switzerland to the President. Like the English Speaker, he votes only when the House is equally divided, a duty which has fallen upon him more than once during the course of these debates. But what at once strikes one familiar with our House of Commons, though it is no more than the practice of our own House of Lords, is that the present President, Herr Brunner of Bern, has at least once in these discussions left his chair of office to take part, like an English Lord Chancellor, in the debate. The members of the Federal Council also have made frequent use of the provision in the Constitution which allows them to appear and speak in either House of the Assembly at pleasure, but without the right of voting. Herr Dubs in particular, the well known political writer, has been as ready in speech as with his pen; he has taken rather a prominent part in the debates, and has laid several amendments before the House. And, what strikes an Englishman as more singular than all, it seems not to be against rule for a member of the Federal Council to speak openly in the Assembly of the secrets of the innermost sanctuary of the Commonwealth, to announce that on such a point the Federal Council was unanimous, while on such another point it had divided with such or such a majority and minority. It is more in accordance with English Parliamentary usage when a Federal Councillor announces that the Federal Council has determined that such a point shall be an open question, and that each of its members shall be free to support whatever side he pleases. It must be remembered that, though the Federal Council constantly lays proposals before the Assembly, and though the Assembly constantly refers matters to it for its advice, it has no direct voice in legislation, neither the absolute *veto* of the English King nor the suspensive *veto* of the American President.

In our study of the debates in the National Council we have come across several things which we must confess that we look upon with some little dread. The Federal principle is the very life and soul of the Swiss Commonwealth. A number of small communities, differing widely in blood, language, religion, and social condition, but united by a common history, a common love of freedom, common interests in the face of more powerful neighbours, have been kept together by a system which allows them to act as one nation in the face of other nations; a system which creates a central power clothed with authority in all matters which concern the whole body, while it leaves to each of the component States the fullest independence, the fullest legislative and administrative freedom, in all matters which concern itself only. The principle on which the existing Constitution goes is to entrust to the Federal power only such matters as the Cantons cannot deal with for themselves, and to leave to the Cantons everything which they can deal with for themselves. It has been rightly felt that the same legislation need not always be the best for a Catholic and a Protestant community, for a German-speaking and for a Romance-speaking community, for the people of a pastoral valley and for the people of a manufacturing town. And it has been no less rightly felt that, putting aside all questions of what is abstractedly the best legislation, the historical traditions and the historical pride, nay the mere prejudices and susceptibilities of commonwealths many of which have for ages gloried in their independence, are not to be touched with a rude hand. It has been felt that it is better to leave some things in a less perfect state than to run any chance of sowing discontent or discord among the confederated States. It has been felt that there are cases in which it is better to let a Canton govern itself in a worse way than to govern it in a better way by the interference of the central power. The principle of cantonal sovereignty is the essence of the whole Confederation; and, when we remember that the Constitution of 1848 followed on a civil war and was in truth the work of the conquerors in that civil war, it is alike wonderful and honourable to its framers that that principle has been so carefully preserved throughout. If the principle of cantonal sovereignty is ever given up, Switzerland will at once lose its great distinctive glory and advantage in the face of other nations. Without the cantonal principle, the differ-

ence between Switzerland and the surrounding nations will be cut down to a difference between monarchic and republican forms of government. In a Federal Switzerland the possession of the highest degree of local freedom by each separate commonwealth is an attraction strong enough to bind States together which otherwise have more in common with some of their foreign neighbours than they have with one another. If Switzerland should ever, instead of a Federal, become what is called a *Unitarian* State, if independent Cantons ever sink into mere administrative departments, the men of Ticino, for instance, may begin to ask, or at all events some one may begin to ask for them, whether an Italian-speaking country on the Italian side of the Alps might not as well be a department of Italy as a department of Switzerland. To us, as outsiders, it seems that no danger can be so great as that of needlessly wounding even the traditional feelings of the several confederated States. To us it seems rash to seek for legislative or administrative unity at the risk of doing the slightest damage to national unity.

Now in reading the debates it strikes us, as indeed we hinted in our former article, that a party in the Confederation, chiefly the Liberal party in the German Cantons, have shown themselves too eager to purchase certain real or supposed improvements at the cost of striking a blow at the higher principle of cantonal independence. They remind us somewhat of the impetuous zeal of the younger generation of Oxford reformers. Because there are many points in which the legislation of many Cantons may be greatly improved, because it would often be better if some Cantons would imitate the legislation of others, a large party seems prepared to force on the reforms which they seek at all hazards by crowding the Federal Constitution with provisions which, to our thinking, ought to stay, as they hitherto have stayed, within the competence of the Cantons. It must be remembered that in a Federal State there is no means except that of a provision in the Federal Constitution for enforcing any change throughout the whole country. All powers which are not specially vested in the Confederation by the Federal Constitution remain within the competence of the Cantons, and ordinary Federal legislation cannot touch them. Hence the eagerness to deal by means of constitutional provisions with matters which to us do not seem to be constitutional matters at all. There seems a forgetfulness that a Federal Constitution is not simply a law for a certain territory, like an Act of an English Parliament or a Ukase of a Russian Czar, but that it is essentially a treaty between independent States, which keep their full independence on all points on which they do not formally give it up. There seems a forgetfulness that it is not enough to show that a proposed change will be abstractedly an improvement, but that it must be further shown that it is an improvement so absolutely necessary as to justify thrusting it down the throats of independent States against their will. In the Burgundian Cantons, on the other hand, these distinctions seem to be perfectly well understood. It is the special interest of those Cantons to understand them. To them the retention of cantonal sovereignty is everything. Now they are independent States, the equals of their German neighbours. Turn the Federal State into a "Unitarian" State, and they will be at once swamped by an overwhelming German majority, and may perhaps be made to receive a code of German law for which they have no fancy. Hence, in the course of these debates, we find members from the Welsh Cantons, whose views are as liberal as those of their German brethren, but who also see that on every point of this kind there are two questions to be asked. Member after member from the West gets up and says:—"I approve of such or such a proposal in itself; it is the law of my own Canton, or I should like to make it the law of my own Canton; but I do not look on it as a thing which ought to be forced on unwilling Cantons by a provision in the Federal Constitution." We venture to think that this line of argument is more truly Liberal than the overbearing eagerness of those who would overturn all barriers in order to carry their own particular reforms, however desirable in themselves. And we are sure that to bear with weaker brethren, to give a little and take a little, is the surer way to maintain the unity and safety of the Confederation.

We trust in another article to enlarge a little more fully on some of the special points which have been under discussion in the National Council.

FATHER GRATRY'S RECENTATION.

WHILE the Vatican Council was sitting in 1870 Father Gratry, one of the most learned priests in France, published four Letters, since translated into English by Mr. Bailey, addressed to Mgr. Dechamps, Archbishop of Malines, who was a principal leader of the infallibilist party among the bishops. His Letters were alike remarkable for their sarcasm, their logic, and their outspoken earnestness of tone. In the first he examined and exposed at length the heresy of Pope Honorius, and his condemnation for heresy by three Ecumenical Councils and a succession of Popes, summing up the argument by a statement that, "if the Letters of Honorius are not heretical, the whole Church has for centuries anathematized as heretical a writing, a man, a Pope, perfectly orthodox, and on a question of faith and dogmatic facts three Councils and twenty Popes have obstinately deceived themselves in their most solemn decrees." He further shows that the Roman Breviary has been seriously tampered with in order to conceal these unpleasant facts, and denounces with just severity a system of "infamous" falsification which has been for

centuries one main cause of religious decay among Catholics. In a second Letter he returns to the attack, and exposes still further, and in detail, the tactics of this "école de mensonge," which has misled the noblest men and greatest intellects in the Church, and which he considers more perilous to her interests than all the heretical sects. He insists that all the advocates of Papal infallibility are working directly or indirectly on forged authorities, that there are no traces of the doctrine in the first five centuries or in any great theologian of any age, except those who have been deceived by what we now know to be forgeries, and that it is therefore "evidently false." There is not indeed "any question, theological, philosophical, historical, or other, which has been so disgraced by falsehood, bad faith, and forgery. It is a question utterly gangrened by fraud." Nay, more, this school of lying "is none other than the obstacle foreseen by Christ, those gates of hell which will attempt, but in vain, to prevail against the Church," and which are the real cause of her "at present scarcely ruling a twentieth part of the human race." In his third Letter Father Gratry vindicates his argument against the feeble rejoinder of Mgr. Dechamps, and shows from the solemn Bull of Paul IV., "*Cum ex Apostolatus officio*," signed in Consistory by all the Cardinals, and "addressed to the whole Church, and even to the whole human race," that, according to his own infallible decree, "the Pope is the master of all kingdoms, the crime of heresy deserves capital punishment, and *ipso facto* deprives all princes of their dominions, and all men of their rights and property, and that every domain, property, or kingdom belonging to those convicted of heresy lapses of right to the first occupant." And he indignantly asks whether men possessed of reason and moral sense are prepared to trample under foot truth, justice, and the Gospel of Christ, and to depose God Himself by accepting such monstrous tenets. This is pretty strong; but the fourth and concluding Letter, in reply to those infallibilist partisans who had written against him, is the most remarkable of the series. In it he demonstrates, against the dishonest blundering of Dom Guéranger, the systematic falsification of the Roman Breviary in the interests of infallibilism, and applies to it the well-known passage in the Book of Job, "*Nunquid indiget Deus mendacio vestro?*" The real aim, he says, of "the sect" represented by Dom Guéranger, is "to abolish the Councils and to suppress the episcopate." And he ends with a vigorous protest against the infallibilist decree then on the eve of being forced through the Vatican Synod. "Why treat the peaceful and humble assembly of the faithful 'as it never yet has been treated' (to quote Father Newman), why tread under foot the convictions of so vast a number? . . . Why insult, despise, outrage, crush hundreds of doctors and bishops, thousands of the faithful, enlightened, intelligent, zealous, well informed, whose life you trouble, whose conscience you grieve?" He adds that what is not clearly contained in Scripture and tradition cannot be defined as a dogma, and that that certainly is not contained in Scripture and tradition of which so many doctors and bishops in all ages declare the contrary to be found there. Such were the sentiments of Father Gratry, publicly and deliberately repeated in four successive pamphlets, the last of which only appeared a month or two before the Vatican decree of July 13, 1870.

And now let us turn to his letter just published in the *Débats* to the newly-appointed Archbishop of Paris, the Ultramontane successor of the murdered and heroic Darboy, who was the chief opponent of the infallibilist dogma at Rome, and who has left a record of his latest sentiments on the subject in the little pamphlet *La Dernière Heure du Concile*, issued just before the close.

Montreux (Vaud), Nov. 25, 1871.

Monseigneur.—If I had not been very ill and incapable of writing a letter I should long before this have addressed to you my respectful welcome. I wish at least to-day to say to you, Monseigneur, what it appears to me perhaps does not require to be said—that, like all my brethren in the priesthood, I accept the decrees of the Council of the Vatican. Anything which I may before that decision have written upon that subject which is contrary to those decrees I efface.

Be pleased, Monseigneur, to send me your blessing.

A. GRATRY.

The Archbishop, as was to be expected, at once replied with the flattering assurance that his correspondent had rendered greater service to the Church by "effacing" his anti-infallibilist pamphlets than by all his "useful and eloquent works" formerly published in defence of the Church. But another and very different reply was soon to follow which disposes summarily of at least one statement in Father Gratry's remarkable epistle. That a writer who had been only a year before so energetic in denouncing the atrocity of pious frauds, should commit himself, in view of the events of the last few months, to the assertion that all his brethren in the priesthood agree in accepting the Vatican decrees, is sufficiently startling. And one of the most illustrious of his "brethren," not only in the priesthood, but in the French priesthood, who is also an intimate friend, has taken care that it shall not pass unchallenged. Writing from Munich on the 23rd of December to his "very dear Father" Gratry, the Père Hyacinthe proceeds, with a delicate gentleness and courtesy which add fresh force to his criticism, to gauge the moral and intellectual value of this brief and wholesale recantation. Not quite agreeing with the Archbishop's estimate of the matter, he observes pointedly that such effective letters as those recently published by his correspondent against the new dogma can hardly be disposed of by the mere statement that he "effaces" them, especially when coming from a writer who insisted but a year before that he "had received orders from God" to write as he did, and was prepared to suffer, if necessary, for the truth's

sake. Father Gratry had not simply asserted, but proved by a "demonstration as logical as it was eloquent," that the whole question of Papal infallibility was "gangrened by fraud," and had indignantly asked whether God needed such falsehood; and now "he writes in an easy, offhand style which both surprises and saddens," to say that he simply "effaces" what he wrote before. We do not wonder at Father Hyacinthe sorrowfully asking if "the truth and human souls are hereafter to be treated in this manner in the Church of Christ?" Before he can hope to effect anything by his recantation, Gratry must refute as well as retract his former arguments, and explain why—if such be indeed the fact—he has ceased to regard the Vatican Council as "an assembly without authority, because it was without liberty," and what tests he would now suggest to discriminate a sham Synod from a real one. Father Hyacinthe continues:—

If you admit the two pretended dogmas of the personal and separate infallibility of the Pope *absque consensu Ecclesie*, and of his universal episcopal jurisdiction, do not attempt to give them an interpretation which is opposed to the evident and natural meaning of the decrees, the only one, moreover, which is accepted and imposed by the Roman authority, but show to us how that meaning agrees with the facts of history which you have so learnedly established and discussed. Then, my dear Father, but only then, you will have "placed your conduct in harmony with your convictions," as the Archbishop of Paris has written to you, and you will have acquired "new authority to defend the cause of religion," which is at present so sadly compromised. For my own part, what I dread the most for it is not the outspoken and loyal scepticism of the adversaries of revelation; it is the unconscious scepticism of those who place a false authority and a false unity above the truth. The first consolidates the sacred edifice by the very assaults which it makes upon it externally; but the other mines secretly within it, disturbing the foundation upon which it rests—sincerity of faith and integrity of conscience.

These last comments of Father Hyacinthe will not unnaturally recall to memory another passage from a distinguished Roman Catholic writer, which may indeed have suggested them:—

Truly such a school of lies would cause the weak to lose their faith. It makes one giddy to see such masses of error built up on the foundation of ancient impostures, and their consequences maintained as if the imposture had not been unmasked. . . . It is not time for men of honour, of sincerity, and of faith to look this scandal in the face, and drive from the temple no longer only the sellers, but the robbers and coiners of base coin, religious or moral? They are more guilty than the forger who, in France at this time, has been handed over to justice for having forged and trafficked in false scientific documents. . . . It is because I understand, more clearly now than ever, why our admirable mother, the Holy Church of God, the mother of humanity, whose spirit is nothing else than the unity of all the just who have ever lived, at this day scarcely rules a twentieth part of the human race. The reason of the slow progress is this; it is the secret and internal foe which stops our march, it is the school of error which I denounce, and which is none other than those gates of hell which will vainly strive to prevail against the Church.

It would be difficult to denounce with sharper or more searching rebuke the "unconscious scepticism" of which Father Hyacinthe complains. But the rebuke comes from the second of Father Gratsy's Letters to the Archbishop of Malines.

How are we to account for this strange and sudden conversion? Certainly any reader who compares the Letters of 1870 and of 1871 will be tempted to exclaim *Nemo fuit unquam sic impar sibi*. No doubt Father Gratsy may plead, as it is reported that he does plead, that he has but followed a multitude to do evil; for, of all the bishops who voted at Rome in the minority, Strossmayer is now the solitary Abbel. But then it has not generally been the way with bishops to hold out against despotic wrong. A student of Church history might at least have been expected to remember the ignominious collapse of the Catholic episcopate after the Council of Nice, when St. Jerome complains that the whole world groaned to find itself Arian; and the Court of Rome is to the episcopate of the nineteenth century pretty much what the Court of Constantinople was to their predecessors of the fourth. They have given hostages to fortune, and find it more convenient to save their position than their conscience. It had been all along predicted that this would be the upshot, and the opportune removal of the one man among them who combined the wisdom of a statesman with the courage of a martyr left them free to follow the instincts of policy or fear. But that Father Gratsy, who had a reputation to lose for learning as well as for consistency, should join in the coward cry of "*Salve qui peut!*" had not been anticipated. When a greater man, whom he once professed to venerate, was urged under similar circumstances by the cruel kindness of his friends to purchase a quiet old age by framing his lips to syllable the ordained shibboleth, he replied without hesitation, "The grave is opening before me, and I will not descend into it with a lie in my mouth." For his own credit it might be wished that the eloquent denouncer of the "école de mensonge" which prevailed in the Vatican Synod had declined, like Döllinger, to swell its triumph. We say for his own sake, for we can as little agree with the Archbishop of Paris that the "noble and generous example" of his recantation will benefit the cause of Ultramontanism, as that it "brings his conduct into harmony with his convictions." *Litera scripta manet*, notwithstanding all protestations of desiring to "efface" it; and not one intelligent reader of the masterly Letters to Mgr. Dechamps will ascribe a feather's weight of critical value to the half-dozen hollow, flippant lines devoted by the author, not to refuting, but simply to recanting them, and that in professed deference to the fiat of an authority which he had previously declared incompetent to pronounce it. When the Munich Congress demanded the other day, among other reforms in the Church, the abolition of the French Seminary system, and of the arbitrary control of the bishops over the inferior clergy, as fatal to culture and independence of

mind, they could point in illustration of the results of the existing régime to such notorious facts as the hundreds of suspended priests now working at Paris as compositors, waiters, or cabmen. And it is well known that, with a few exceptions, the French priesthood have long lost their hold over the educated classes and the male sex generally. Only a month or two ago the Minister of Worship expressed his amazement at a request being made for chaplains in the navy, seeing that no women were employed on board ship. When a man like Father Gratry surrenders at discretion the first moment he finds an Ultramontane authority over his head, we can hardly wonder that the rank and file of his "brethren in the priesthood" follow their rulers like a flock of sheep, as the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen publicly boasted not long ago. We may infer from what is done in the green tree what is likely to be done in the dry. Meanwhile, if we can hardly venture to hope with the Archbishop of Paris that Father Gratry will "continue to defend the cause of religion with his wonted ability," we may at least be permitted to trust that he will have sufficient self-respect to abstain for the future from promoting what he has himself declared to be a scandal to "men of honour, men of sincerity, and men of faith."

PARIS AND THE LESSONS OF ADVERSITY.

THIS time last year Paris and France were passing through the furnace of affliction. The teachings of adversity had been bitter, but at least we were assured that the lessons had not been lost. A great price had been paid for the wisdom that comes of experience, but at any rate the experience and its fruits were gained once for all. The pride of the great nation had been humbled by a miraculous combination of circumstances, and it was expiating its errors by merited suffering. Clothed in sackcloth, charmed with her novel ideas, Paris pleaded extenuating circumstances for her follies. In the fatal facility of her happy nature she had yielded to the arts of the enchanter who had made life too pleasant for her. It had been the policy of the ravisier who had espoused her in Sabine nuptials, to turn her head and corrupt her heart by bedizening her person and anticipating her lightest caprices. The Government had given *carte blanche* to the Prefect of the Seine, who acted as Mayor of her household, and until very lately there had never been a difficulty about the bills. Admirers from all the continents came to ruin themselves for her, and lavished their riches in her lap. Society and the *bourgeoisie* grew dazzled in the blaze of the Boulevards, the ball-rooms, and the *baccarat* tables. No wonder if the Champs Elysées and the Rue Breda forgot Belleville and the Eastern Faubourgs. Of a sudden their illusions vanished in nightmares. It came out that Reds and roughs were forcing the strong hand of the autocrat; that society and its saviour had never been in more mortal peril. The corruption of the lower Empire again landed the Teuton hordes at the gates of the capital of civilization. The moral fibre had been fatally relaxed; nothing was left of the old *élan* that had carried the French soldier to Jena and Austerlitz. Unnumbered woes had been brought on France, but fortunately the mischief was not irreparable. Paris, ever in extremes, as became her place set the country an example of humility and heroism. Confessing her faults, she denounced her seducer. Borrowing a congenial precedent from the imposing Hebrew ceremonial, she charged all her sins on the dynasty of her choice, and cast it out into the wilderness. Thenceforward she had broken with her past, and made a fresh pact with the future. Like a *lorette* turned devotee, and alive to the excitement of contrast, she rather gloried in the mad dissipation she had repented of. There was doubtless much ephemeral sincerity in the earnestness with which she threw herself into her part. Paris is too emotional not to be genuinely impressionable, and sincerity always has its influence, even if it be born of self-delusion. When Paris recanted and confessed, although she vowed and promised so much, we were almost half inclined to believe her. The practical nature of the English people is so antithetical to gushing, that generosity to the fallen inclined us to an excess of charity in judging our impulsive neighbours. We were disposed to hope the best, and to believe that a regenerated France was to rise from the ashes of the Empire. Yet we might have remembered that when nations have passed their early youth they seldom profit by the schooling of adversity. A tone of thought has established itself in the ascendant, inveterate habits have become engrained; exceptional men may rouse themselves to extraordinary effort, but the nation gravitates back into the deep-worn grooves. We say nothing now of French Internationalists who renounce patriotism as treason to humanity, or of the Communists who denounce property as theft, and identify superstition with religion. We speak of all that is most respectable in a political point of view, whatever it may be as regards private morality; and we ask how have the "respectable" Parisians performed the vows that were forced from them by the pressure of the beleaguering Germans? What have been the fruits of the panic generated of murder and fire-raising during the misrule of Communist anarchy? As it happens, we have the means of satisfying ourselves, and Conservative Paris is put to a crucial test at the opening of the New Year. It has to return a member to the Chamber, and the eyes of France and Europe are upon it. The dramatic element comes to the assistance of principle and self-interest with a people who delight in dramatic effects; for this particular election will, it is presumed, decide the question of the transfer of the Assembly from Versailles to Paris, and all

Paris has set its heart on the transfer, irrespectively of political creed. In the opinion of many thoughtful Frenchmen, Paris is asked to decide upon its own fate, and yet Conservative Paris seems to give no thought to the matter. Never had French Conservatism, taking the word in its broadest sense, its path of duty made plainer or easier. Armed order has set its heel on the revolution, and the insurrectionary partisans who would otherwise have been agitating at home are awaiting by thousands their tardy trial. It was but the other day that *suspects* were being arrested wholesale; so revolutionists have to do their electioneering in the shadow of the terror of the law, and in a city proclaimed in a state of siege by their enemies. Yet the timid *bourgeoisie* is inclined to leave the course clear to the nominee of the party who but yesterday set Paris in flames, to the poet who has prostituted his genius to apologize for the worst excesses of the Commune. While Rome burned its Emperor fiddled. Paris has a plain duty to perform in the supreme interests of its own honour and safety, and the Parisians *s'amuse*. We would not be hard on a people for acting after their nature. We never believed that a grand national regeneration was to be operated by miracle. We know that with a volatile nation there must be a light-hearted reaction from the depths of depression, and that the journey back to better things must be all uphill, and very painful at the best. But, making the most generous allowances, it is impossible not to feel grievously disappointed. The Reds are raising their heads again. The Germans still occupy the provinces of France, and the German Chancellor has just stung the national pride to the quick. The country has to brace itself to bear a burden of taxation which only industry and frugality can render tolerable, and nothing whatever is settled as to the Government of the future. Yet long before France has left the school of adversity, she has cast all its lessons behind her, and her latter state is worse than the former by wasted opportunities and hundreds of millions of debt.

Paris is still the Paris of the Empire. Impoverished as she is, she still finds the means for dissipation and frivolity. She has discarded decency, and seems bent on proving to Europe that the refinement and good taste on which she prided herself were only tinsel on the surface. She is holding her orgies in what should be the house of mourning. She has pitched the booths of her Vanity Fair on pavements scarcely cleansed from the blood of her citizens. The stalls are set as thickly along the Boulevards as ever they were, and the trade in *étrennes* goes forward more briskly than before. It appears as if the chosen seat of genteel comedy had lost all sense of the ludicrous. Does Paris believe life to be a *vaudeville*, and crushing national calamities things to be trifled with or jested over? It is hard to see where even the most ingenious and light-hearted and vainglorious of peoples can find matter of mutual congratulation in the events of the past year, or the prospects of the coming one. Fancy an English or German family munching bonbons and exchanging jests on the day after a funeral, and while there is an execution in the house. A moralist might find something suggestive of the hollowness of things in France in those gaudy and costly cases which contain a franc's worth of unwholesome sweets. Still we can conceive that something might be said by a Parisian for keeping up the friendly fashion of *étrennes*. Abused as it has been, it is the French counterpart in the German Christmas-tree, and originated doubtless in kindly family feeling. There might be a false air of chivalrous spirit in struggling to be cheerful in memory of past happiness, in pinching upon straitened means in order to be generous. No such defence can be set up for the public amusements of the season. The masked balls at the Opera House are in full swing. Most people know what these are, by hearsay, if not by personal observation. The masked ball means the loosest of loose Paris celebrating its saturnalia, in a disguise that invites decency to join while giving indecency its wildest license; indecency of thought, speech, and all but act, we should say, for experience has taught the necessity of detailing a powerful force of police to quell any demonstrative obscenity. It means dancing beginning at midnight after long dinners; suppers in the cabinets of the Maison Dorée and the Café Anglais; women in "costume," with as little character as clothes, shading off through the neutral classes of shopgirls, actresses, *dansesuses*, and *dames de comptoir*, to ladies of society ensconced snugly in their masks and dominoes. These masks and dominoes give absolute immunity from the whispers of the world, even were the world more inclined to censure than it is. The fair wearers may rub their draped shoulders with the naked ones of the most brazen-tongued of the lost sisterhood, and listen freely to shameless talk. It is easy to conceive the facility which these balls give for assignations in a city where married women are frequently as much their own mistresses as fascinating young girls in business. One might fancy that the censorship which busies itself with the politics of the drama might profitably turn its attention to the morals of these forcing-houses for female innocence. The masked ball exhibits the dignity of Frenchmen in quite as striking a light as the delicacy of Frenchwomen. The grand nation that blazoned the walls of Versailles with its victories, reared the Arch of Triumph, and cast the column of the Place Vendôme, has just been capitulating by hundreds of thousands, their arms in their hands. Here they are, fresh from the Caudine Forks, capering, shrieking, and grimacing as clowns, Pierrots, and monkeys. Not that they have forgotten the war. On the contrary, with their felicitous sense of the fitness of things, they have made the taking of each other prisoner and the spoils of the victor the standing jokes of the season. Nor are the ladies altogether oblivious of the dead; if they wear

but the lowest of corsets and the briefest of skirts, they have their minimum of raiment suitably trimmed with black and silver grey. We cannot say that we admire the taste of dancing the *cancan* on a coffin-lid, nor are we sure that we do not prefer the *pétroleuses* of the Commune to the Bacchanals of the Carnival. But then we are not French, and we suppose we must take French patriotism as we find it. The same spirit of cynical indifference reigns supreme at the theatres and the *cafés chantants*. The Théâtre Français and the Odéon have never had quite the vogue which their admirable acting, their State subventions, and the masterpieces of Molière and Corneille should secure them. Still one might have believed that their turn must have come in the grave circumstances of the hour, and that Molière's comedies might have been light enough for the taste of the desolated city. On the contrary, all the different managements are constantly ransacking their *répertoires* for frivolities and indelicacies to rival the Palais Royal and the Bouffes. We are the less surprised when we remember the delighted crowds that filled the latter house on the morrow of the evacuation of Paris by the Germans. Yet let us be just. One change the war has wrought in the Parisians, and we have referred to it already. The most sensitive of people has suddenly become the most thick-skinned. We should have imagined that for many a year to come prisons and prisoners would be sore subjects with French soldiers; that the sight of a Prussian helmet would act like a red rag on a bull. We are informed that the most popular caricature in Paris is a group of German soldiers acting wild beasts behind the rails of the Tuileries gardens, while a single Frenchman stands sentry over them. As for the German in blue tunic and spiked helmet, when he is not walking away with clocks, he is pressed into carrying bonbons. On the whole, it is not clear what the Parisians have gained by getting rid of the Emperor, or what they would lose by having him back to-morrow.

MR. SPURGEON ABROAD.

HERE we are again! The genuine original comic Christmas entertainment for this night only at the Tabernacle, Newington. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will undertake, as usual, the part of Harlequin, while the Pope of Rome will do involuntary duty as Pantaloon. Managers of other Transpontine houses may thank themselves that this formidable competitor appears only for one or at most two nights. We should fear that the best pantomime in London would fail dismally if it depended only upon speech and action unaided by one or more gorgeous transformation scenes. But although Mr. Spurgeon promised to illustrate his lecture by dissolving views, the interest of the lecture was so absorbing that the audience would probably not have missed the illustrations if they had been forgotten by the lecturer. They desired to see Mr. Spurgeon and hear him talk. He has been on a holiday trip to Rome, and he was certain to crack some of his most racy jokes over the superstitious practices which he witnessed there. The preliminaries of the lecture were soon transacted. "Take care of your pockets," says Mr. Spurgeon, "and let us sing a hymn." Of course Mr. Spurgeon could not prevent the literal fulfilment of the text, "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Where the prey is there will be the vultures; and people who place cheques for 200*l.* at the disposal of a beloved pastor must inspire pickpockets with a feeling like that of the veteran Blucher when he beheld the wealth of London, and thought of the fierce and hungry soldiers whom he had led through France. But we cannot help wondering whether Mr. Spurgeon noticed in his tour that the presence of those that sell and buy in foreign cathedrals is a point in which they resemble the Tabernacle which he left at home. A reporter of a daily newspaper calculates that the profits of this entertainment must have been immense, for, besides the admission money, "all legitimate means of increasing the fund had been devised and cleverly carried into practice." The tea, although unlimited in quantity, as well as in accompanying supplies of cake and bread and butter, must have yielded, says this reporter, "a handsome commercial return." The sale of a poem written for the occasion, and offering a welcome home to Mr. Spurgeon, must have added something to the receipts, and besides, there were collections in boxes throughout the building. It is curious that a feature of Continental churches which we have always thought particularly disagreeable should be produced with improvements at the Tabernacle. Many readers have doubtless witnessed the noonday performance of the Strasburg clock, and may remember the keen, business-like manner of the verger who lets chairs for halfpence to visitors who desire to secure good places for the spectacle without the fatigue of standing. Just try to help yourself to a chair, and see how quickly the verger will discover and pursue you. This we had thought a tolerably strong example of the practice which the text condemns, because the performance of the clock cannot be considered as a religious service, although the twelve apostles take part in it; but it is nothing compared to the banquet of tea and cake and the lectures and dissolving views at the great annual festival conducted by Mr. Spurgeon.

As might be expected, Mr. Spurgeon was tremendously funny upon relics. Perhaps our own feeling in that respect does not differ widely from Mr. Spurgeon's, but we should not think of expressing it as he does. In Roman Catholic churches we see the reverential sentiment carried to an unwholesome, and it may be ludicrous, excess; and at the Tabernacle, if we went there, we should per-

ceive that the same sentiment was in lamentable deficiency. Mr. Spurgeon is very severe upon the degraded superstition which causes people to kiss the foot of St. Peter's statue at Rome, and it probably does not occur to him that the ladies who work slippers for his own feet would kiss them if they had the chance. The Roman form of idolatry has this advantage, that St. Peter's statue will last for many generations, while Mr. Spurgeon is certainly mortal. The Church of Rome may boast with some show of reason that she is founded upon a rock, while the cohesion of the worshippers of the Tabernacle depends upon the personal qualities of their minister. It is difficult to understand how a Christian can speak of any form of Christianity as Mr. Spurgeon speaks of Roman Catholic doctrines and practices. And yet we felt certain before reading any report of Mr. Spurgeon's lecture that he would be overwhelmingly facetious about images. It would be a curious experiment to take an Italian priest of good power of observation and description to the Tabernacle, and set him to write an account of what he saw and heard there. Mr. Spurgeon at Rome wondered how humanity could have fallen so low as to worship relics. An Italian priest at Newington might wonder how Divinity could have fallen so low as to dwell in the same place with purveyors of tea and cake and exhibitions of dissolving views. We should think that among all the unprepossessing British tourists who have afflicted the Continent with their presence during the last year, Mr. Spurgeon would bear away the palm. "The only relic he had brought away from Rome was the piece of wax candle he had used in the catacombs." This statement was of course provocative of laughter. The mirth, however, has not been wholly on one side. Mr. Spurgeon preached in Rome, and, according to his own account, "he was said to have said and done some very strange things." We believe that since Mr. Spurgeon took to lecturing he has for the most part reserved for week-days the drolleries which used to ornament his Sunday sermons; but still he sometimes falls into the old vein, and if he happened to be in good temper and spirits, as he probably was, at Rome, we have no doubt that he did say and do some things that would have appeared to us, who are used to him, very strange, and which by Italians, if they could have understood them, would have been accepted as symptoms of disordered mind. Mr. Spurgeon described the services he held in Rome, and the interruption of one of them by a secular priest, "who declined, however, to enter upon a public discussion." We do not know what may have been the secular priest's motive for thus declining. Perhaps he may have laboured under a difficulty of understanding Mr. Spurgeon, or of making Mr. Spurgeon understand him. We can only express our profound regret that any impediment should have existed to a performance which must have been even more amusing than a lecture by Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle. The friends and admirers of Mr. Spurgeon would probably have taken care that he should not visit Rome before the Pope's temporal power was abolished. Mr. Spurgeon's rule seems to be, "When you are at Rome do as you do at home," and we cannot help fancying that even the presence of the troops of the King of Italy in that city does not free this rule from all danger in application. But probably almost nobody understood Mr. Spurgeon's testimony against idols and relics, and people in general must have regarded him as a new variety of the race of harmless British lunatics who annually squander their money on the Continent.

The success of this annual lecture by Mr. Spurgeon is a curious phenomenon. The late Mr. Thackeray gave lectures, and they were successful because many people were willing to pay for seeing and hearing a celebrated man. But the admirers of Mr. Spurgeon have built a Tabernacle for the purpose of seeing and hearing him every Sunday, and it is big enough to receive all the casuals who come to "do" Mr. Spurgeon as one of the curiosities of the metropolis. Probably there would be an equally full attendance whatever might be the subject of Mr. Spurgeon's lecture, but we must suppose that his proper flock felt interested in the particulars of their pastor's journey, and they doubtless anticipated—if we may put holy thoughts into profane language—that Mr. Spurgeon would have a shy at the Pope. We feel as outsiders only a feeble interest in the statement that Mr. Spurgeon was hurried over his dinner at Dijon, and endeavoured at Lyons to perform the operation which is called keeping the fire warm. Probably many of us in vacation tours have written such particulars in letters or journals which we knew would be read with interest by wife, sister, or daughter. But it is a different thing to stand up, and narrate them before seven thousand people. However this large assembly heard the story of Mr. Spurgeon's journey with attentive ears. At Nice he was troubled with mosquitoes, which he calls "natty little creatures." The pun is bad enough for a burlesque. At this point we pause to inquire where were the dissolving views? A good likeness of Mr. Spurgeon, eating his dinner in a hurry, to save the train at Dijon, or combating in his bedroom with the mosquitoes at Nice, would have been almost equal in excitement to the famous contest between the devil and the baker which used to adorn the slides of magic-lanterns in our youthful days. It is a pity that Mr. Spurgeon could not have visited the Pope, and still more that an interview between these two great spiritual potentates could not have been photographed. But the Pope now lives in strict seclusion. It does not appear to have occurred either to lecturer or hearers to consider seriously the nature of that power compared to which Mr. Spurgeon's influence over his people is as the Tabernacle to the Coliseum. The temporal power of the Pope has passed away;

but if his spiritual power loses in one direction, it gains at least equally in another. Mr. Spurgeon's sneers about the Virgin Mary's milk please himself and the narrow-minded people who delight to hear him talk. But the mind which dwells most on the gross and fraudulent absurdities of the Romish Church ought to be most strongly impressed with amazement at the width and depth of its influence over mankind. We think that Mr. Spurgeon is a wonderful man, but the Pope is an institution, and incomparably more wonderful.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THIS, the third year given by the Academy to historic schools, scarcely as yet indicates exhausted resources. That fewer works are occupied this season than last, and that 150 fewer pictures are collected, may be accounted an act of mercy. Five galleries, comprising 274 works which range over a period of five centuries, will certainly be found to yield amply sufficient materials either for a casual visit or for sustained study. Still some exception may be taken to the selection made. There would seem, for example, to be little reason why the least successful of Reynolds's works, the portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, exhibited here as recently as 1870, should again be hung as signboards in the vestibule. Other properties of the Academy, thirteen in number, include some diploma works redeemed by genius, such as Hilton's "Ganymede" (36); but several, like "Jael and Sisera" (111), by Northcote, might with advantage have remained in the cellars. The Academy, perhaps wisely in regard to its reputation, has never yet ventured to exhibit its collection of diploma pictures as a whole. This year, however, living Academicians come forward in the new character of collectors; as many as eight members of the body appear in the list of contributors, and though the works sent are with some few exceptions little remarkable, yet we think it tells well for our contemporary school when leading painters affectionately gather in their homes some memorial of deceased brethren, or some cherished heritage from olden times. Still, we think, there are signs of an effort to win through the Exhibition a reputation for unaccredited works. We may mention that the total number of contributors is 77, and the total number of artists represented 117. Among contributors of the largest number of works are Her Majesty, the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Thomas Baring, and Sir Richard Wallace; and among the painters most fully represented are Vandyke and Reynolds. The distinguishing characteristics of the present collection may be said to be—first, the prominence given to the English school; and, secondly, the presence, after long seclusion, of the Hertford pictures. The nation has recently had to thank Sir Richard Wallace for the donation of a masterwork of Terburg, and now the Academy is indebted to the same munificent benefactor for the loan of the "Rainbow Landscape," by Rubens, "Nelly O'Brien," by Reynolds, and other scarcely less famous works which, when last seen fourteen years ago among the Manchester Art Treasures, excited a popular furore. We cannot conclude these preliminary remarks without once more complaining of the uncritical character of the Catalogue. It may be gratefully acknowledged that never before has been given at so low a price such good paper, clear type, and handsome margins; but when historic or other information is sought, nothing more recondite can be found than "*Guido Reni, called Guido*." When we recall the Catalogues of even provincial Exhibitions, such as those of Manchester and Leeds, the sixpennyworth now before us would seem little to the credit of the Royal and chartered body to whom the art education of the nation is in some measure delegated.

The Italian masters are of less value than in previous years. Still, of the Florentine school are Filippino Lippi and Sandro Botticelli; of the Milanese, Leonardo and Luini; of the Roman, Raffaele; of the Bolognese, Guido and Annibale Caracci; and of the Venice school, usually strong in English collections, Titian, Piombo, Veronese, Tintoret, Palma Vecchio, and Paris Bordone. One of the choicest of Italian pictures, as may be naturally imagined, is "The Virgin and Infant Christ" (95), by Raffaele, contributed by the Duke of Aumale. The master's manner, in its transition from the spiritualism of the Umbrian and Florentine schools to the stronger and higher development of the Roman period, is almost too well known to need description. This small composition, one of the very many Madonnas and Holy Families painted by Raffaele—not less than fifty in number—is tender, delicate, and lovely in the extreme. The infant in its play on the mother's knee has a sportiveness with a symmetry of line which recalls the Colonna picture now in Berlin. The work, given in outline by Kugler, was in the Orleans Gallery; fortunately the gem has been once more acquired for the Orleans family. The picture probably dates between 1506 and 1508, and is therefore, as the types and the colours indicate, prior to the Gavagh Raffaele in the National Gallery. Just before this Orleans Madonna was painted, Raffaele and Leonardo da Vinci are supposed to have met in Florence; doubtless they talked often together of art; they found much in common; yet, judging from the sequel, they must have agreed to differ. The pictures here ascribed to Leonardo are, as usual, open to doubt. Certainly "The Virgin and Child" (117), according to the present tendency and temper of criticism, would be transferred from Leonardo to Luini; whereas the capital companion composition, "A Madonna and Child" (113), though

assigned to Luini, has a severity better accordant with other masters. Yet, though beset with these historic doubts, we should be sorry to surrender faith in, or love for, that magic, and as it were mesmeric, "Portrait of a Young Man" (215), here ascribed to Leonardo. But when we recall the Beltraccio in the National Gallery, and still more the "Creator Mundi" by the same artist at Leigh Court, we seem to have the secret of this mystery-shadowed, eye-piercing portrait. The earnest steadfast outlook of this face, with its inward depth of consciousness, makes an impression not to be obliterated. The head once seen haunts the memory. In the presence of this work we cannot but feel the grandeur of which portraiture is capable. In execution the picture clearly belongs to the school of Lombardy; the manner became infectious, and, passing over the Alps, entered the studio of Dürer in Nuremberg. And yet sometimes we are tempted to think that the geographic distribution of styles was just the reverse; that Squarcione, Mantegna, Leonardo with the Vivarini in Venice, owed much of their pictorial manner, as did assuredly the Lombard architects, to the so-called Goths of Germany. Gallery No. V. contains pictures from Lombardy, Germany, and the Low Countries, which suggest interesting speculation as to the origin and consanguinity of early schools. There are noteworthy "figures" (242) in monochrome by Mantegna, a master of whom we always desire to see and to know something more. The painter tended to monochrome when not to repellent colour, as classicists habitually do; and here again the drapery is cast in the symmetric lines pertaining to classic art, the bearing is statuesque, and so the work becomes removed from common life, while even as to execution the surface suggests a fine keen chisel rather than a broad sweeping brush. Also for study of drapery, both as to disposition of lines and technical methods, "A Portrait" (270), by Botticelli, is instructive. These early painters were more indebted to classic art than is usually imagined; it might be shown that Fra Angelico and other ultra-spiritualists were in intimate relation, as regards harmony of line and symmetric proportion, with Greek and Roman sculpture. In this masterly piece of manipulation even the materials used are all but identical with the ancient tempera, and when we here observe the exquisite play of light pigment over a warm underground, we might almost call in question the advantage gained by the introduction of oils into Italy. It may be observed how much our English artists in the present day are going back to the old processes; the guiding principle of course should be to adapt the process to the exigencies of the subject in hand. People curious in these matters will do well to pass in these Galleries from picture to picture in order to compare tempera with oils, panels with canvas, to see the effect of varnish in the way of darkness or lustre, and generally to judge of how time, the destroyer, has dealt with the artist's creation. A perfect medium, which is and always has been a first desideratum, would transmit with gem-like transparency the painter's thought, so that for all time the pigment should remain, like the original conception, of the quality of pure crystal.

A collection of all schools such as the present usually suggests the conclusion that the Dutch are most correct in what has been called the grammar of art, that the Flemings and Old Germans (as witness here works by Van Eyck and Mabuse) are the most perfect as to the management of pigments, and that the Italians, having thoughts to express and an ideal to attain which soar beyond the reach of paints and panels, occasionally break down in the mere materialism of their art. The obvious exceptions to this broad generalization may now be passed by as but exceptions which prove the rule. We have not space further to enlarge on this matter, and yet it is difficult to resist the temptation of a work so suggestive of speculation as "The Adoration of the Virgin" (217), by Filippino Lippi. The Italian painters were impelled by an imagination which avowedly did violence to historic fact, and accordingly here the manger of Bethlehem might almost be mistaken for the ruins of Baalbek. We presume that Rio, Montalembert, and other critics of that school, broadly classifying artists into the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left, would disallow to either of the Lippi a place among the former. And, looking to the adjuncts of this Nativity, to the ostentatious but inappropriate display of classic architecture, it is evident that at the end of the fifteenth century the rampant Renaissance had already set in. Filippino Lippi, who executed frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, strongly imbued with dramatic genius, was, as may be judged from the example before us, a man of fire and passion. What impetuosity he throws into his composition, how the figures crowd onward and around in tumultuous retinue, so that the Madonna whom they come to adore seems to be actually endangered! The picture as a whole would appear to pretend to little more religious feeling than a Christmas pantomime, and yet as a piece of decorative work the colour reaches deep harmonies, the light is something more solemn than that of common day, and so, as generally happens when we are in the presence of the old masters, the mind is lifted out of the sphere of ordinary life. This picture is decidedly superior to that of the same subject in the National Gallery, and therefore we transfer to it the anecdote from Vasari which Mr. Wornum appropriates. The story is as follows:—

Filippino having painted a composition of small figures for his friend Piero del Pugliese, he executed it with such skill and care that, when another citizen expressed a wish to have a similar work, Filippino declined the commission, remarking that it was impossible to paint a second picture like it.

The Venetians come as chief exceptions to the seeming rule in art that high conceptions are joined to infirm physique. The painters of Venice, excepting the Vivarini and one or two others, did not mortify the flesh; they were jubilant in joyful life, and accordingly the characters they paint have eaten and drunken, and are given to song and dance. In this festive spirit has Jacopo Palma painted the portraits of his "Three Daughters" (67), lyre in hand and singing. These famous beauties pass in an analogous composition in Dresden for the "Three Graces." Violante, who was her father's favourite, has a face known in almost every Gallery in Europe; she served as a model indiscriminately for Venus nude, or for St. Barbara and St. Catharine fully draped. The golden hair of which the three sisters were proud was got by bleaching in the sun; we may imagine these girls seated on the house-top, with the crowns cut out of their hats, burning under an Italian sky till their curls had drunk in the sunlight which still as it were shines on their heads in the picture before us. The operation could not have been particularly favourable to the intellect, if we may judge from these blooming damsels, so buxom in flesh but devoid of thought. The picture at once pronounces the master when in joyous mood he cast off all care about the Saints and the Church, and took holiday, as was the custom of Venetians, with musicians in the open sunny fields. The "music parties," not only of Palma, but of Giorgione and of Titian, are famous. The work before us is a mere wreck, and the companion picture which we examined a few weeks since in Dresden has also suffered much; but it is naturally hard to find a panel which has reached the patriarchal age of three hundred years that has escaped the cruel hand of time. How solemn old Palma could be, how near he sometimes was to the grandeur of Titian and the glow of Giorgione, whom he in fact sought to emulate, is well known to all frequenters of the Galleries of Dresden, Vienna, and Venice. A fair example of this kind, "The Virgin and Infant Saviour" (124), from Hampton Court, is noble in form and altogether lovely. The figures are seated by a column in the midst of a hill country; indeed, about Bergamo, the painter's birthplace, there is much undulating ground which recalls the hills round Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem. Painters of the life of Christ living in Italy needed not to go to Palestine for landscape backgrounds.

The three great masters of Venice—Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret—make but a poor figure in the present Exhibition. "Diana and Actæon" (73) is apparently a late, and assuredly a feeble, work of the master, who lived to the age of ninety-nine, when he died of the plague. Blurred in touch and uncertain in hand, this picture is akin in execution to the last work of Titian now in the Academy of Venice. The assumed sketch of "La Gloria" (114), whether by Titian or not, is an interesting record of the great work which the painter in his will directed should be placed wherever his body rested. In violation of this injunction, the picture has been removed from the Escorial to Madrid. As the subject of the sketch and picture is unusual, we translate the description given in the Madrid Catalogue:—

The most Holy Trinity above, and near thereto the Virgin. On the right are Charles I. and Philip II., with princes and princesses of the house of Austria in white raiment. All are among the clouds, and severally they are introduced by angels, who assume the attitude of adoration rather than that of conferring favours. On the left are many holy Patriarchs and Evangelists of the New and Old Testament, and in the midst the Church, figured by a maiden, presents the company to the Holy Trinity.

In conclusion, we may point to a magnificent "Study of a Head" (116), by an unknown master of the Venetian school. One almost fancies that the picture might have been painted by the lender himself, Mr. Watts, R.A., who has so successfully emulated Venetian colour and texture. At all events, this fine "study" gains additional interest as affording ocular demonstration of how closely its owner has moulded and meliowed his manner after Venetian models and methods. With this one exception we can scarcely trace even the most distant relation between our modern art and the historic works here assembled. We heartily thank the Academy for this noble collection, yet, as to the Academicians themselves, they almost appear in relation to these historic schools to be pretty much in the position of the Roman painter who confessed to Reynolds that he had not entered the Vatican for many years.

OLD AND NEW BURLESQUE.

A PANTOMIME upon the story of Tom Thumb naturally directs attention to the burlesque upon the same subject which was written by Fielding to ridicule the pompous rhyming tragedies of his time. This burlesque, which could not be adapted for performance on the modern stage, may nevertheless be usefully examined as one of the most popular and successful works of a period much more fertile in dramatic genius than our own. The name of Queen Dollalolla, and her song, "What though I now am half-seas o'er," have been heard by many who know no more of Fielding's work. We may remark that the Queen's name has been borrowed by the author of the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre; but her song, and indeed the rest of the play, would have been unsuitable for his purpose. We do not of course know what Fielding may have had before him when he wrote, and it would be rash to say that any dramatic composition of any age is original; but we can hardly be mistaken in supposing that King Arthur and Queen Dollalolla have been the patents of a

long succession of potentates of burlesque. The comic effect of the scenes in which they figure may be easily tested by reading them with due excision to an intelligent audience without the help of dress, scenery, music, or dancing, to which so many modern burlesques are indebted for their success. The piece opens with a duet between Doodle and Noodle, which explains that King Arthur's Court is holding festival in honour of Tom Thumb's victory over the giants. The scene proceeds:—

DOOD. Yes, Noodle, yes:—to-day the mighty Thumb
Returns triumphant. Captive giants swarm
Like bees behind his car.

[Flourish of trumpets.

NOOD. But hark! those trumpets

Speak the King at levee. I go.

DOOD. And I also to offer my petition.

NOOD. Doodle, do.

[Exeunt Doodle and Noodle.

(Trumpets.) Enter King Arthur, Queen, Lord Grizzle, Courtiers,
Doodle and Noodle, and attendants in procession. They
take their state.

KING. Let no face but a face of joy be seen!

The man who this day frowns shall lose his head,

That he may have no face to frown withal—

Smile, Dollalolla!

DOOD. (kneeling). Dread liege, this petition—

KING (dashes it away). Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day—

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,

And this, our Queen, shall be as drunk as we.

QUEEN. Is't so? Why, then, perdition catch the failers;

Let's have a rouse and get as drunk as tailors.

Air.

QUEEN.

What though I now am half-seas o'er,
I scorn to baulk this bout.

&c. &c.

The author, while ridiculing the tragedy of his own or nearly preceding times, did not scruple to make a sly hit here and there at Shakspeare. The stilted sentiment and grand roll of the lines in some of the speeches are an inexhaustible source of amusement to any one who remembers, and perhaps with all their faults admires, Dryden's tragedies. The speeches in these tragedies were meant to be spoken *ore rotundo*, and even Drury Lane Theatre, as it now stands, would not be too large for the delivery of them by properly instructed actors. The following passage is only a moderate caricature of the tragic style, and it deserves to be compared with the best of a series of portraits of statesmen and other celebrities of the present time in which the slight and delicate touch of a skilful hand imparts a grotesque aspect to an undeniably truthful delineation. The heroic Tom Thumb has now marched triumphantly into the royal presence, while in his train follows the chained Queen Glumdalca, whom he has made prisoner in a decisive battle with the giants.

KING (looking fondly at Glumdalca). I feel a sudden pain across
my breast—

(Aside) Nor know I whether it proceeds from love

Or the wind cholic. Hugeous Queen of Hearts,

Sure thou wert made by all the Gods in council;

Who, having made a lucky hit beyond their journey-work,

Cried out, "This is a woman!"

GLUM. Then were the gods confoundedly mistaken—

We are a giantess. I tell thee, Arthur,

But yesterday we were both Queen and wife;

One hundred thousand giants owned our sway,

Twenty whereof were wedded to ourself.

QUEEN (aside). Oh, bless'd prerogative of giantism!

KING. Be cheer'd, vast princess. Think our Court thy own;

Call for what'er thou lik'st—there's naught to pay.

Nor art thou captive; but thy captive we.

[Takes off her chain.

QUEEN (aside). Ha! Arthur faithless!

This hag my rival, too, in dear Tom Thumb!

Revenge! But I'll dissemble—

[crosses to Glum.

Madam, believe that with a woman's eye

I view your loss; take comfort; for to-morrow

Our grenadiers shall be called out; then choose

As many husbands as you think you'll want.

GLUM. Madam, I rest your much obliged servant.

[Exit with Guards.

Any actors who could speak plainly would render this passage amusing, and at the same time the highest talent for burlesque acting would find ample scope in it. A modern manager would properly scruple at performing it in England, although in America there are some ladies of advanced opinion who would not be shocked at Queen Glumdalca's sorrow over several husbands killed in the same battle, and even among ourselves something has been published about "female polygamy"; but of course this was written with a serious didactic purpose, and not for transient amusement at a theatre. But setting aside the coarseness of the idea, there is admirable spirit and freedom in the lines. The sound pleases irrespective of the sense, and herein they resemble many hundreds of lines of Dryden's tragedies. We will give one more extract, which is perhaps even a happier effort of the same kind. It belongs, indeed, to a style of burlesque which is wasted upon any but an educated and attentive audience. King Arthur is about to stab himself, and lie down last of a row of bodies which extends from one side to the other of the stage. Before striking the fatal blow he speaks as follows:—

Death makes a feast to-day,
And but reserves ourselves for his *bon-bouche* (sic).
So when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
Kings, queens, and knaves tip one another down,
Till the whole pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;
Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And my sole boast is, that I fall the last.

In the mock heroic style this passage would be hard to beat. The distinction between the pathetic and the ludicrous has seldom been more finely drawn. But some acquaintance with tragic and epic poetry is required to see the point of it, and it would be almost thrown away upon an average audience at a modern theatre. We will only add that King Arthur and Queen Dollalolla, and the lords and ladies of their Court, are all brought to life again by the wand of the enchanter Merlin, who at the same time compels the red cow to disgorge Tom Thumb.

We have made these quotations from the "acting edition" of Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, as altered by O'Hara. The alterations were probably supposed to have adapted the work for representation at the time when they were made, but it could not be represented now without such excisions as would seriously reduce its body and destroy its spirit. It consists only of one act, and even in this short compass we could find many passages besides those quoted which are models of witty and vigorous composition. The piece offers the strongest possible contrast to those recent burlesques in which sumptuous accessories are supposed to disguise the essential poverty of the work. It would be absurd, however, to demand Fielding's genius in the ordinary playwright, and we would rather point to a modern author who has shown himself capable of work of higher quality than that which his contemporaries produce in unbounded quantity. The Gaiety Theatre has this winter justified its name by producing a burlesque at which young and old, careless and critical, may laugh together. We are not sure that Mr. Gilbert may not have written as well before, but he has not, we think, been equally fortunate in finding interpreters of his words. The idea of *Thespis*; or, *the Gods Grown Old*, is that the deities of Olympus, becoming with advancing years weary of their work, take twelve months' holiday, and appoint as deputies in their absence Thespis and other members of a theatrical company who have come up Olympus for a picnic. Here is an excellent basis laid for every kind of drollery, but it is only available on the supposition that the audience has some slight knowledge of classical mythology. It would not perhaps go far with earnest-minded reformers of education if we urged that boys who have wasted time at school over Latin and Greek are enabled as men to waste time at theatres over burlesques. But to show how much the modern stage would lose by neglect of ancient literature, we need only refer to this amusing burlesque of *Thespis*, and to the French opera of *La belle Hélène*. Let us hope that, in spite of utilitarians, boys may long be so taught as to be able when they are grown up either to compose or enjoy such works. It will be a dull time when people are unable to laugh at Jupiter's complaint in this burlesque, that the influence of the gods on earth is failing, and that the sacrifices have positively dwindled down to preserved Australian meat. Jupiter, unlike some earthly potentates, is too wise to close his ears against unpleasant truths. Thespis and his company, being unquestionably trespassers upon Olympus, there is a pleasant humour in the warning which Thespis gives to the gods that this is a private mountain, from which he requests them to withdraw. Jupiter, preserving his temper under this insult, tells Thespis that he is the very man he wants. "Now," says he, "as a judge of what the public likes, are you impressed with my appearance as the father of the gods?" We need not say that Mr. Toole acts Thespis admirably. His performance is not only funny in itself, but the notion of placing Mr. Toole, the very embodiment of everyday English and, we might say, cockney character, in confidential intercourse with Jupiter is a joke in itself, irrespectively of what he says and how he says it. Thespis expresses his opinion with a frankness for which kings, either of Gods or men, ought to be, but very seldom are, grateful. "The fact is," says he, "you are not the Gods you were. You're behind your age." He recommends the Gods to go down to earth, mingle with the world, hear and see what people think of them, and judge for themselves as to the best means of restoring their influence. This advice of Thespis to Jupiter might be useful to Mr. Gladstone at the beginning of a long vacation. It may deserve notice also that Thespis did not advise Jupiter to go about the country making speeches to prove that the administration of affairs by himself and colleagues had been, in spite of factious opposition, completely and invariably successful; and that, if one department had been more successful than another, it had been either that of naval and military or of domestic management, and his only doubt was to which of these two departments to award the prize for superior excellence. Jupiter, under the advice of Thespis, preserved a discreet silence as to the past, while endeavouring to learn how to govern better in the future. Other rulers, perhaps, have not received such prudent counsel, or have not been willing to accept it. Thespis offers himself and his company to fill the places of the Gods during their absence, and he assures Jupiter that actors never fail, but have always great successes "in the bills." Thespis appears to belong to that class of persons who are more prudent in speech than in action. He gives excellent advice to Jupiter, and he narrates, as a warning for himself, "the story of the gentleman who undermined his influence by associating with his inferiors." We are quite sure that when Mr. Toole sings the lines—

These are the consequences all proceeding
From his affable ways and his easy breeding,

he intends to make no allusion to public dissatisfaction caused by the intercourse of the Premier with Mr. Finlan, or by his civil mention of Mr. Bradlaugh's poetry. If there be a distant

resemblance between the character of Mr. Gladstone and that of the Chairman of Directors of the West Diddlesex Junction Railway, who "sang little songs to the engine-drivers," we are quite sure that it is entirely accidental; and we are perfectly satisfied that no prediction concerning the Ministry is implied in the statement referring the career of this eccentric Chairman, that "the general public did not like it," and that the train conveying him and his Board was finally shunted on a lonely siding. But although we cannot discover political satire in Mr. Toole's song, one or two of the passages of this burlesque are certainly suggestive. Thespis and his company, being established as Gods upon Olympus for a year, have certainly not done the ordinary work of governing the world, but they have availed themselves of their position to try a series of hazardous experiments upon the order of things which they were appointed to preserve. Bacchus, having been persuaded to take the pledge, contrives that the grapes of Mitylene shall yield only what Mr. Bruce would call "an innocuous beverage"—namely, ginger-beer. We cannot help thinking that there is here a covert allusion to the Home Secretary's flirtation with the Alliance. A complaint is brought to Olympus that in Athens there has been a wet Friday in November for the last six months; to which Thespis answers, that the Athenians shall have a hot Tuesday in July for the next twelve months. The irrelevancy, as we venture to call it, of this response might easily be paralleled in the House of Commons, when Ministers are questioned upon some inconvenient subject, as, for example, the loss of the *Megara*. We happen to remember that, when it was reported that this ship had a hole in her bottom, Mr. Gladstone remarked, that the weakness discovered before the ship sailed was in her side. We are far from suggesting that Mr. Toole, in disposing of complaints against his government, has any mental reference to Mr. Gladstone; but we certainly think that Mr. Gladstone, in difficulties which we venture to regard as similar, might usefully imitate Mr. Toole's method of encountering them. In plausible justification of his own and his colleagues' blunders Thespis presents a strong likeness, which we can hardly regard as accidental, to the Premier. At any rate, Mercury, seeking a strong expression for his opinion of the rulers of Olympus during the last year, does not scruple to compare them to an English Ministry:—

From Jupiter downwards there isn't a dab in it,
All of 'em quibble and shuffle and shirk;
A Premier in Downing Street forming a Cabinet
Couldn't find people less fit for their work.

Thespis might have found it convenient to assure the Athenians complacently that the whole subject of wet Fridays in November was under the consideration of his legal advisers, by whose assistance he hoped to frame a comprehensive measure for regulating rainfall.

This work has a large share of the same quality which so conspicuously belongs to Fielding's masterpiece in burlesque. The scenes from which we have quoted have an inherent drollery which is felt even in a bare description. They are also excellently adapted for every kind of laughter-moving accompaniment. We have preferred to speak of the literary merit of the piece, because that is in the present day most rare, but it has much merit of many kinds.

REVIEWS.

BLACKIE'S AND LEVIN'S LECTURES ON PHILOSOPHY.*

THE system of public lecturing has attained such large proportions—and it is evidently on the increase—that much of what is now printed as literature has been originally delivered in the shape of lecture. This must certainly be reckoned among the causes which tend to lower the level of publications in this country. For the object and purpose of the printed book, is, or should be, different from the object of the speaker's lecture. When a person volunteers a book on any matter, he is bound by his title to exhaust the subject; or, if not to exhaust, at least to survey the whole of it. It must be presumed that he is acquainted with it in its whole extent. But he who offers a lecture on the same subject may select what part he pleases. Nay, he must select. For he is limited in two ways; by time, and by the knowledge possessed by his audience. In a word, a lecture must be elementary and popular. Consequently, books made up of such lectures are necessarily elementary, and are precluded from dealing profoundly with their theme.

There can be no great harm in this. At some time in his life every one must be a beginner. And there must be books, as well as lectures, for beginners. But whatever may be the effect upon the public taste of being flooded with well-written lectures upon all possible subjects, it is but fair that the critic should take note of the distinction, and not review a lecture as if it were a book. It would be very hard to make any individual writer answerable for the defects of an established custom. If Professor Blackie

* *Four Phases of Morals—Socrates, Aristotle, Christianity, Utilitarianism.* By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1871.

*Six Lectures Introductory to the Philosophical Writings of Cicero, with some Explanatory Notes on the Subject-matter of the *Academica* and *De Finibus*.* By T. W. Levin, M.A., St. Catherine's College, Inter-Collegiate Lecturer on Logic and Moral Philosophy. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co. 1871.

had announced a book on any one of the four subjects treated in the present volume, we should have had a right to complain if he had said no more than he has here said. But if a lecturer is superficial, we must recollect, when the lecture comes before us in print, that he was stooping to attract and entertain an audience. Professor Blackie has been long enough before the world for every one to know that he could, if he liked, speak to the learned. When he descends from the heights of science to address a word to the unlearned, it would be very unfair to turn upon him, and to say, "You have omitted this," or "You should have said that." We must take this book, not as a book, but as a lecture. It is not what Professor Blackie could say about Socrates and Aristotle if he chose, but what his hearers could take in.

It is impossible for Professor Blackie to speak on any subject without saying something witty and worth remembering. If indeed we had to take seriously his handling of the subject of his second lecture—Aristotle—we should find ourselves obliged to dissent from most of what is here said. But, taken as an hour's conversation to a miscellaneous assembly of persons of all ages, it sparkles with racy observations. How good, for example, is the following:—

Of all commodities in the world, the most difficult to deal with is truth. If indeed all men went about the streets, like Socrates, in search of truth, and thanking everybody fervidly for any contribution to his stock of it, truthfulness would be an easy virtue. But we all know it is not so. Truth is an article to which, except in so far as particular truths may happen to prop up their prejudices, to flatter their vanity, and to inflate their conceit, many persons have serious objections. To fling it in their face is to insult them; to put it down their throat, even with a silver spoon and sugar-candy, a difficult operation. Hence, in the conduct of life, the great importance of not speaking too much truth, lest we frighten people, and not speaking too little, lest we learn altogether to live upon lies. In mixed society, on account of the extreme sensitiveness of all sorts of vain and self-important persons, the rule is generally adopted of speaking as little truth as possible.—P. 199.

This is very telling irony, though it may perhaps be objected that it is scarcely fair to have inscribed it "Aristotle." The following observation is not ironical:—

I do not know whether I have not seen more sad mistakes made in life by persons who were rather depressed by too little, than elevated by too much, self-esteem. I have sometimes thought that the conceit so natural to young men is given to them by a gracious provision as a superfluity that is sure to be pruned off. The world is constantly employed in pulling down outrageous conceit. But when a poor fellow starts in the hot race of life afflicted with that disease which the Greeks called "difficult-facedness," that is, so modest as not to be able to look a fellow-being in the face, I must confess, though I have a kindly feeling towards a person so deficient which I never can have to the smart and pert self-conscious inanition, I feel that the defect of the one is a much greater misfortune, and a malady much more difficult to cure, than the excess of the other.—P. 202.

We must remember that these lectures were delivered in London, for we can scarcely suppose that an excess of modesty is a vice which Professor Blackie has often occasion to rebuke in his own University. Again, of the following no one will deny the general truth or force, but we may venture to question the *apropos*:—

Aristotle may be regarded as the great prototype of those modern Germans who, like the mailed knights of the middle ages, stand up in our libraries cased in the invulnerable panoply of polyhistoric and encyclopaedic erudition; and he gave birth to the curious sort of intellectual laborosity which, when divorced from his genius and his sagacity, produced those accumulations of written and printed record under which the shelves of so many libraries groan; by which also not a few strong intellects have been lost to the world, smothered beneath heaps of cumbrous babblements, in extent infinite, in value infinitesimal.—P. 171.

The temptation to over-estimate learning is scarcely one which most besets a Royal Institution audience. And a captious critic might object to "polyhistoric and encyclopaedic erudition" being the peculiar failing of a German Professor. Aristotle wrote upon everything, and his works are an encyclopaedia of science as it existed in his time. On the other hand, it is the characteristic of German learning that each man is a specialist, compensating his exhaustive knowledge of one thing by knowing nothing of anything else. The book of a German savant is as exactly the reverse of "encyclopaedic" as anything can well be. Whatever may have been the case in the eighteenth century, "polyhistoric" is not an attribute which can now be applied to German learning.

Professor Blackie was very careful not to inflict Greek on his audience. Though compelled by his subject to use a Greek term occasionally, he has avoided doing so as much as lay in his power. Hence it is the more surprising that, on two occasions at least, he should have been betrayed into inaccuracy. Aristotle surely has not called, nor could he call, the "End" "architectonic" (p. 330). A science, an art, or any constructive process may, in Aristotelean nomenclature, be "architectonic," regard being had to those arts, sciences, or processes which it comprehends and directs. An "end" can be said to be ultimate or final, but not "architectonic." Ἀρχιτεκτονικὸν τέλος must be a solecism, even were the phrase found in Aristotle himself. Ἀνδρείας, again, is a good Greek word, but assuredly it was not the name which the Greeks were in the habit of using to denote the virtue of courage. Down to the latest time the form consecrated by Plato—ἀνδρεία—continued to be the usual form in all books. And if in the debased ages it tended at all to give way as the word in common use, it was to ἀνδραγαθία, and not to ἀνδρεία.

Mr. Levin's book is likewise composed of lectures. Being College lectures, and therefore addressed to a special audience, they are able to go more closely into their subject than lectures at the Royal

Institution could do. We presume that Mr. Levin's lectures are among the first fruits of the recent determination of the Cambridge authorities that some regard shall henceforward be paid to the contents of the classics. It is well known that the grand difference between the classical systems of Oxford and Cambridge has been that, while at Oxford the chief attention has always been directed to the historical and philosophical substance of the Greek and Latin writers, at Cambridge, on the other hand, the language, or form, has been considered as the only valuable part of classical study. This distinction has all along stamped a corresponding distinction on the intellectual types produced respectively by the two Universities; a contrast which has been carried deep into character, and has not rested merely in a divergent direction of philological reading. Undoubtedly there are notable exceptions on both sides; as Cambridge can show Cudworth as an expert in the more recondite parts of ancient philosophy, Oxford can put forward Elmsley as an accomplished representative of the Porsonian school of criticism. Other such exceptions might easily be named, notwithstanding which the contrast remains as an easily recognisable fact. It remains to be seen if the new legislation of Cambridge, by which the Tripos examinations are to extend to the matter of the books, will really modify the traditions of the place. Meanwhile we may welcome Mr. Levin's lectures as an early attempt in the direction indicated.

Mr. Levin has taken for his subject the philosophical writings of Cicero. We may conjecture that what has determined his researches in this direction has been Madvig's magnificent edition of the *De Finibus*, of which the second issue appeared in 1869. Cicero has altogether been under a cloud lately, owing to the determined and systematic attempt to run him down in Mommsen's *History of Rome*. The contemporary of Bismarck and Moltke can see no merit that is not diplomatic or military, and reserves all his admiration for the heroes of the sword. Cicero, who was but a poor statesman, and who was compelled by the necessities of the time to take an ineffectual part in politics for which he had no aptitude, looks very small in a drama where the principal figures are bands of savage mercenaries and bloodthirsty gladiators. But when we turn from his insignificant public career to his glorious writings, it is impossible for a reader who possesses any sense of literary beauty not to feel the spell of that genius which heretofore enthralled the Renaissance. It seems indeed as if the neglect of the nineteenth century was a Nemesis for the deification of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Such neglect, however, can only be temporary. The injustice of Mommsen will of itself work a reaction.

Mr. Levin's lectures, however, do not depend for their value on any estimate of Cicero as a politician, nor even as a writer. They deal only with Cicero's philosophical writings. Of all the works of Cicero, his philosophical books have suffered most neglect—in some respects justly. Cicero himself was no philosopher. The most consummate rhetorician that ever lived, and wielding a most powerful logic, Cicero had no perception of metaphysics. He looked upon Plato with almost adoration; but it was for his wealth of language, his powers of description and irony, and the grandeur of his genius, not for his specially metaphysical disquisitions. It might seem that a man who wrote in Latin about Greek philosophy without having any insight into what philosophy was, cannot be worth much, and that what he wrote is not unreasonably treated with neglect. This indeed might be so, were we in possession of the writings of the Greek philosophers whom Cicero discusses. But unfortunately this is not the case. The whole of the enormous mass of philosophical literature produced by Greeks between B.C. 300 and Cicero's time has perished. Chrysippus alone is said to have put his name to more than seven hundred volumes. This wealth of reflection and experience was in Cicero's hands, and he thus becomes to us the representative—not indeed the sole, but the chief, representative—of a lost creation.

This being the case, it may be matter of surprise that Cicero's works have not attracted more attention as a storehouse of the history of Greek philosophy. Of this there have been two main causes. First, the interest taken by scholars in Greek philosophy at all has been concentrated first upon Aristotle and Plato, and next upon the pre-Socratic schools. The post-Aristotelean philosophy has had few cultivators. Its own unscientific character, and the fragmentary condition to which the accidents of time have reduced it, have left it in the shade. But, secondly, even those who have turned their attention in any degree to this period have made very imperfect use of Cicero as an authority. Of Stoicism, which is in some respects the most intelligible of the post-Aristotelean schools, there did not exist any tolerable sketch till the appearance of Zeller's fourth volume. And Zeller has made but a limited use of Cicero. Cicero was held to be an untrustworthy reporter of philosophical reflection. Where we have the power of checking him—as, e.g., in his references to Aristotle—we find him capable not only of gross inaccuracies, but of misunderstanding fundamental principles. We are much safer with Diogenes Laertius, who did not understand at all, than with Cicero, who misunderstands. The real truth is that, though Cicero was a diligent reader of philosophical books, he read them not for philosophy, but for style. When he began his career, he had no design of writing on philosophy. He looked wholly to the Forum and the Senate as the theatre for the display of the talent which he was so conscious of possessing. Misfortune, public and private, drove him to write on philosophy. He composed his treatises on this subject rapidly and without preparation. He mentions many names, and the books have the

air of being derived from wide reading. But it now appears, on the close investigation to which they have been submitted by Madvig, that large sections of them are borrowed from some one Greek original. For instance, in the First Book of the *De Finibus*, in expounding the doctrines of Epicurus, Cicero is thought by Madvig to have closely followed one text-book of the Epicurean Phædrus, although his exposition professes to be gathered from the writings of Epicurus himself. In the Fourth and Fifth Books of the same treatise, which abound in references to lost writers, it is probable that Cicero was not himself compiling from the writers he names, but was closely following, if not translating, some one work of Antiochus of Ascalon. The three books of *Moral Duties* again may be referred in great measure to a treatise of the same name by Panætius.

The fact that Cicero was a mine of information respecting the post-Aristotelean schools had been vaguely apprehended by scholars, but, owing to the causes above assigned, no use had been made of this knowledge. Among others, Morel, and Davies, President of Queens' College, Cambridge, deserve commemoration for their attempts to cite resembling passages. But to heap together passages expressive of similar doctrine from writers of all ages is very far short of the task which Madvig proposes to an expounder of Cicero—namely, that of determining the original Greek text which the Latin imitator may be conjectured to have followed in each instance. Mr. Levin does not himself approach a task so arduous or so well worth the ambition of a scholar. He has in view his class and its requirements, and confines himself necessarily to such information as is required by a beginner. But such a beginning must lead active minds further, and we may express the hope that the ground broken by Madvig in his edition of the *De Finibus* will be successfully cultivated by Cambridge scholars, or by Mr. Levin himself. He seems not indisposed to approach the more difficult parts of his subject. For he appends an Excursus on the formula "Prima Natura," and another on the arrangement of the Third Book of the *De Finibus*, both translated from Madvig. Indeed Madvig's Latin, though not that imbric of meaningless sounds which we are familiar with as German Latin, is by no means a limpid vehicle of what he has to say. It needs an interpreter. But it should be in the form of a transference, not of a translation. It is an error to think that an involved sentence of Latin is made more intelligible by having the words it contains turned into English. Madvig has done excellent work upon Cicero, but his book is not a great book, from its defective expression. Still, it cannot be read without instruction, and the comfortable sense that we are in the hands of a master. If Mr. Levin's book succeeds in introducing Madvig's *De Finibus* to younger students, it will have done good service.

LONGFELLOW'S DIVINE TRAGEDY.*

THERE must have been a motive of some sort for every literary effort, though in our ordinary reading we do not often trouble ourselves to find it out. With the present work, however, it is a question that at once takes possession of the reader, superseding all others. What can have been Mr. Longfellow's motive in writing his *Divine Tragedy*? It is not likely to have been that motive which is unhandsonably called mercenary; and certainly he cannot have proposed to add to his fame by it. There is no attempt to develop hidden meanings, scarcely anything to be called a new view. No siren whisperings of rhyme or rhythm can have beguiled him, no lofty presumption to fill the silence of Scripture with divine speech and action. What then can have put him upon this extraordinary venture, resulting in so dire a failure? For we doubt if any man, not only calling himself, but called by the world, a poet, ever committed himself to the same degree in the matter of propriety, taste, and harmony, and all the craft of his art. We can only surmise the work to have been composed at the instigation and for the use of some amateur corps, who, having assisted as spectators at the great and every way admirable representation at Ammergau, are fired with a longing to imitate what is inimitable, and to enact a Passion Play before the Western world. There is every token of its being written, not for the closet, but for the stage. The eye of the poet, filled with a marvellous spectacle, entirely nullifies and dulls his ear, and whether or not it ever is to be or has been performed, the spirit of rivalry must have been the motive of the composition. The author could only guess its effect in representation; and here there is room for self-delusion. But he must know how it reads. Mr. Longfellow will probably say that he has been hampered by his reverence. It is essential to a Passion Play to represent Christ in bodily presence; but he shrinks from putting into the lips of the actor of such a part his own thoughts and words. Yet it must strike the reader that reverence is often only compatible with leaving things alone, and certainly is not compatible with taking language divine, wonderful, and admirable in its place, and rendering it mean and pretentious by putting it into the false garb of verse, and making it profess to be what it is not, raising expectations in the ear not to be fulfilled. Our Lord's words are generally broken up into the semblance of blank verse by the simple aid of numeration, by counting syllables on the fingers, and when ten are numbered passing on to the next line, and beginning with a

* *The Divine Tragedy*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Routledge & Sons.

capital letter. This, with here and there a transposition or the introduction of an article or conjunction, is all that is necessary to change rhythmical prose into halting prosaic verse:—

Children! how hard it is for them that trust
In riches to enter into the kingdom of God;
'Tis easier for a camel to go through
A needle's eye, than for the rich to enter
The kingdom of God.

again:—

Martha, Martha!
Careful and tempted about many things
Art thou, and yet one thing alone is needful.
Thy sister Mary hath chosen that good part
Which never shall be taken away from her.

Sometimes the exigencies of scanning suggest some apparently trifling departure from the text, the effect of which the poet is the last to detect:—

Thou gavest me no water for my feet,
But she has wash'd them with her tears, and wiped them
With her own hair.

In the utterances of the supreme actor in his drama Mr. Longfellow may adopt the boast of the Rabbi Simeon, as quoted by Gamaliel, who, whatever his other gifts, shows himself under our poet's treatment no hand at blank verse. This Rabbi

Boasted that his pen
Had written no word that he could call his own,
But wholly and always had been consecrated
To the transcribing of the Law and Prophets.

But Mr. Longfellow does not confine himself to blank verse. His blank verse, such as it is, is relieved by various lyrical effusions. The poem opens with a dialogue called an Introitus between the prophet Habakkuk and an angel who bears him through the air. The poet's cunning has deserted him as conspicuously here as in a less accustomed field, the angel's tone and style forcibly reminding the reader of the effusions of the spirit-world invoked by a medium. The prophet is being commended by the angel with surely a lavish encomium for a simple act of kindness:—

Lo! as I passed on my way
In the harvest-field I beheld thee,
When no man compelled thee,
Bearing with thine own hands
This food to the famished reapers,
A flock without keepers!
The fragrant sheaves of the wheat
Made the air above them sweet;
Sweeter and more divine
Was the scent of the scattered grain
That the reaper's hand let fall,
To be gathered again
By the hand of the gleaner!
Sweetest, divinest of all,
Was the humble deed of thine,
And the meekness of thy demeanour!

The original character in the drama is Manahem, an Essenian, introduced at first as accompanying our Lord and his mother to the marriage at Cana in Galilee; which is strange enough considering the absence of all mention of, or possible allusion to, the Essenes in the Gospel narrative. It is for this reason perhaps that he discourses wholly in long asides on this occasion; in fact his part is a standing soliloquy, sometimes in blank verse, sometimes in such rhymes as these:—

Is hurled into the abyss
Of the black precipice;

or making "yore" ring with "Peor." It is possible that his reverend, aged whiteness of aspect is introduced to contrast with the youthfulness which Mr. Longfellow, in disregard of convention and chronology, assigns to the principal figure:—

Who is that youth with the dark azure eyes?

asks the governor of the feast. Elsewhere, in terms not intentionally profane, but which sound so, being incompatible alike with reading one's Bible or with any acquaintance with the world's masterpieces of art, a Pharisee denominates him "a stripling without learning," while another notes that

Never have I seen so young a man
Sit in the teacher's seat.

Having satisfied his scruples by adherence to the text in the case of one of his characters, Mr. Longfellow allows himself to feel at home with everybody else. There is a flatness and stupidity in the talk of his Pharisees truly extraordinary; not, indeed, that there might not easily be dull Pharisees; but this stupidity is an anachronism, a modern dullness. "Clearly something must we do," says one. "If," says another, "this Galilean

Would be content to stay in Galilee
And preach in country towns, I should not heed him;
But when he comes up to Jerusalem
Riding in triumph, as I am informed,
And drives the money-changers from the Temple,
That is another matter."

Especially does Mr. Longfellow do less than justice to Gamaliel, who is represented in the Temple listening to our Lord's utterances in the outer court, and making remarks alike discreditable to his taste, sense, and piety; and, moreover, so conscious of his own inability to do anything but rail as to exclaim at length:—

Oh, had I here my subtle dialectician,
My little Saul of Tarsus, the tent-maker,
Whose wit is sharper than his needle's point,
He would delight to foil this noisy wrangler.

Pilate, the Roman Governor, falls into the same vein of heavy prose, beginning his soliloquy thus:—

Wholly incomprehensible to me—

The Apostles are made to deliver themselves in a dialect as colloquial as these disputants and doubters:—

PHILIP. There is one man with him

I am amazed to see.

ANDREW. What man is that?

PHILIP. Judas Iscariot; he that cometh last
Girt with a leathern apron.

Not less easy is the phraseology and tone of speculation of the Woman of Samaria:—

I wonder who those strangers were I met
Going into the city? Galileans
They seemed to me in speaking, when they asked
The short way to the market-place. Perhaps
They are fishermen from the lake; or travellers
Looking to find the inn. And here is some one
Sitting beside the well; another stranger;
A Galilean also by his looks.
What can so many Jews be doing here
Together in Samaria?

We suppose this is meant to let us see the poet's imagination realizing a situation. But either the disciples would bear the marks of their calling in garb and aspect, in which case she would not speculate whether they were fishermen, but would know them as such, or the question would not come into her mind; and if, as travellers, they wished to find the inn, why should they ask "the short way to the market-place"?

To add circumstance and detail to narrative which is sacred at once to taste and religious feeling is, we own, a difficult task. But nobody, we think, could well manage it worse, or could more effectually lower, we may say vulgarize, the scene than is done here. The Mother of Jesus announces in the Gospel, "They have no wine." The governor of the feast, under Mr. Longfellow's inspiration, makes a demand:—

Give us more wine. These goblets are all empty.

And Peter, discoursing to Andrew of the miraculous draught of fishes, amplifies in this strain:—

Never was such a marvellous draught of fishes
Heard of in Galilee. The market-places
Both of Bethsaida and Capernaum
Are full of them.

Mr. Longfellow, we suppose, agrees with those critics who hold that there can be no perfect tragedy without some infusion of comedy; for positively he interpolates into the awful scene in the palace of Caiaphas a smart dialogue between the damsel who recognised Peter and a fellow-servant of the opposite sex:—

SERVANT, in the Vestibule. Why art thou up so late, my pretty damsel?
DAMESEL. Why art thou up so early, pretty man?
It is not cock-crowing yet, and art thou stirring?
SERVANT. What brings thee here?
DAMESEL. What brings the rest of you?
SERVANT. Come here and warm thy hands.
DAMESEL to Peter. Art thou not also
One of this man's disciples?
PETER. I am not.

We have been profuse in our extracts, because only through them can any proper idea be given of this extraordinary performance—doubly extraordinary considering its author's popular reputation and practised hand. Mr. Longfellow has been successful in many fields—lyrics, translations, the melancholy *Evangeline*, and, lastly, *Hawatha*—about which were such contrary opinions:—

Published cheaply at one shilling,
Published sweetly at five shillings.

We cannot congratulate him on any sort or degree of success here; and yet, if Passion Plays come into fashion, which it is likely enough they may do, as fools rush in where angels fear to tread, we do not doubt that his *Divine Tragedy* will stand in favourable and dignified comparison with most or all of them. It is therefore we have felt this an occasion for speaking our mind and withholding nothing of our testimony. What is morally and aesthetically admirable among the devout and simple peasants of the Bavarian Tyrol would, to say the very least, be painfully incongruous if transplanted to the ungenial soil of nineteenth-century town life.

MOLESWORTH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM 1830.*

IN the course of the last Reform agitation Mr. Molesworth published a useful and instructive History of the Act of 1832, which having also the advantage of being opportune, attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and was favourably received. This success has induced him to undertake a more ambitious task. He has now attempted to write a History of England during the forty years over which his memory ranges. As Mr. Molesworth had already given a sufficient account of the Reform Bill of 1832, it might have been supposed that he would now start, not from the point at which he began his former book, but from the point where he left off. Again, however, he reverts to 1830, and goes through the old story once more, at nearly the same length, and in almost the same words. For so doing he offers several reasons—

* *The History of England from the Year 1830.* By William Nassau Molesworth, M.A., Vicar of Spotland, Rochdale, Author of the "History of the Reform Bill of 1832," &c. Vol. 1. London: Chapman & Hall.

that the Reform Act is the earliest public event which he recollects distinctly, that it made a great change in the Constitution, and that it was the beginning of other important changes. We suspect, however, that his principal reason for repeating the history was that it was already written, and could be incorporated in his new work without any trouble. In point of fact, he has composed the greater part of the present volume by simply running his pen through a few paragraphs of his former book, and reproducing it in this slightly abbreviated form. Of 536 pages, 286 are given up to a reprint of stale matter. There are, it seems to us, several objections to this course. In the first place, a history of the Reform Bill cannot be accepted as a history of England; and in the next place, there is an obvious and unreasonable disproportion between the amount of space allotted to the Reform agitation and to subsequent events. More than half the volume is occupied with the struggle of 1830-32, while the other five years, down to King William's death, are compressed into the remaining space. There is an old joke of a man who began a history of a parish pump by an inquiry into the creation of the world, and the prehistoric condition of its inhabitants. Mr. Molesworth's argument that it is impossible to understand the history of the five years after the passing of the Reform Bill without taking the history of the three previous years along with it, might be used to justify an indefinite extension of the narrative. It is certain that the condition of England during the great Continental war had a very direct and important influence on the subsequent agitation for Parliamentary Reform; and one must go back still further in order to understand the origin and meaning of the war. An appreciation of the continuity of history is very desirable, and we have no fault to find with Mr. Molesworth for asking his readers to remember that what happened in 1830-32 had a good deal to do with what happened in 1833-37 and in subsequent years. But it does not therefore follow that he was entitled to reprint an old book as part of a new one. It would have been enough for him to refer to his previous compilation, and to other works on the subject of the Reform Bill, and to state in general terms the effect of the changes which were made by that measure in the representation of the people and the relations of political parties. The *encores* of the concert-room have not yet been introduced into literature, and it is not usual for an author whose first work has been applauded to reproduce it bodily in his next publication. However convenient for authors, the practice would hardly be fair to the public. The advertisements of this book ought, we think, to convey a distinct intimation that the greater part of it is a mere reprint.

In passing off an old History of the Reform Bill as a new History of England, Mr. Molesworth does not deal fairly either with the public or with his subject. The Reform Bill of 1832 was a very serious business in more ways than one. It indicated the existence of a very dangerous and critical state of society, and it also exercised an important influence on the subsequent course of English policy and legislation. But while the great struggle was in progress the country was not altogether engrossed by it. Reform may have been uppermost in the minds of the people, but it did not exclude everything else from their thoughts. Even the House of Commons discussed other questions, and the Government did not absolutely withdraw from all relations with other Powers or ignore the existence of colonial dependencies. The Reform Bill of 1832 was not, as it has been called, a revolution, but only an incident in a revolution. In writing its history, it was natural and legitimate that Mr. Molesworth should make it the central object, and subordinate everything else to it; but in a general history of England, the story of a particular statute, however important and comprehensive its bearings may be, should be reduced to its proper place as one of a series of events. Mr. Molesworth has somewhat condensed the narrative, and professes to have revised it; but he reprints without the slightest modification his extravagant and highly sensational version of the interview of Lord Grey and Lord Brougham with the King on the 22nd of April, 1831. The present Lord Grey has published a distinct and positive contradiction of the story; but Mr. Molesworth is of opinion that "after the generous and honourable alacrity" with which Lord Brougham, who had in fact supplied him with the marvellous tale, came forward to vindicate its accuracy, he would be wanting in gratitude if he now suppressed the passage. Mr. Molesworth's readers are entitled to remind him that what they have a right to expect at his hands is not a monument of gratitude to an obliging nobleman, but an accurate and trustworthy history. It is significant that the story has been omitted from Lord Brougham's own Memoirs. Mr. Molesworth has, however, some other odd notions as to the best way of writing history. In the preface to his previous publication he mentions that he avoided reading the works of other writers who had gone over the same ground—as, for example, Mr. Roebuck's *History of the Whigs*—until he had finished his own narrative. Originality is not the most essential quality in historical compositions, and it is desirable that a writer should collect and consider all the information he can obtain before he hastens to draw his own conclusions on the subject. Mr. Molesworth's present volume would perhaps have been better if he had enlarged the scope of his reading.

Mr. Molesworth's account of the five years of King William's reign subsequent to the passing of the Reform Bill is little more than a *précis*—very carefully and accurately done—of Parliamentary history. The body of his narrative is derived from *Hansard*, and

such glimpses of the outer world as he affords are merely the passing glances of a man who lifts his head for a moment from his desk to take a hurried look out of the window. He has given us a useful and interesting abridgment of the debates; but those who take up the book expecting anything else will, we fear, be disappointed. Beyond the limits of Parliamentary history such information as is furnished is vague and scrappy. It is hardly worth while to set up as an historian in order to tell people that the name of Scott is a household word, and that his works are to be found in every library, or that Coleridge's writings are "replete with profound thought and the loftiest eloquence." "We believe," adds the historian, with an odd affectation of having a bit of private and highly original information to communicate, "that Dr. Arnold, Keble, Pusey, T. Carlyle, Gladstone, the two Newmans, the two Froudes, Colenso, and the writers both of the *Tracts for the Times* and *Essays and Reviews* were all largely, though perhaps unconsciously, indebted to the seeds of thought which he (Coleridge), directly or indirectly, sowed in their minds"; which is only another way of saying that Coleridge exercised considerable influence as a thinker, and that the persons enumerated as subject to that influence were not beyond the reach of the philosophical currents of their time. Of the personal character of the political leaders we get hardly a hint; they are mere names, or, at the most, faint shadows. Yet, in order to understand the history of the period, it is at least as necessary to know what sort of men O'Connell, Peel, and Wellington were, as to know how the Reform Bill was passed. Some surprise that Lord Melbourne should have been chosen to succeed Lord Grey in 1834 was perhaps natural at the time, but this surprise is scarcely justifiable in an historian who has the advantage of knowing the qualities which Lord Melbourne afterwards displayed in office. After a page of wondering, Mr. Molesworth innocently winds up with the observation:—

The only explanation, as far as we know, that could be given of this appointment was that his strong good sense, firmness of purpose, suavity of manner, and thorough goodness of heart, recommended him to the King, to his colleagues, and to both sides of the House on which he sat, and enabled him to manage them better than a man of greater ability and a more unbending character could have done.

To most people this will seem a sufficient and satisfactory explanation. It would be difficult to conceive better reasons for the choice of a Prime Minister, though it is true that the description of Lord Melbourne is not exactly applicable to the head of the present Government. Perhaps Mr. Molesworth is of opinion that strong good sense and suavity of manner are defects which disqualify a statesman for the leadership of his party. On the whole, we can recommend this work as an interesting review of Parliamentary history; but we fear that Mr. Molesworth, in aspiring to be an historian in any other sense, has been tempted beyond his depth.

PALMER'S DESERT OF THE EXODUS.*

NOT very long since the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic at Cambridge, to which the author of this most interesting work has just been appointed, was more of a sinecure than it is likely to be in his hands. When the first half of the present century was well advanced, this honourable, if not lucrative, post was occupied by an estimable gentleman, afterwards pushed on by politics and good luck to an archiepiscopal throne, among whose qualifications for the chair an extensive knowledge of the sacred language of the Mohammedans was hardly the most conspicuous. His chief duty for years had been the issuing of a printed notice every term, announcing public lectures to be given in his College rooms at stated days and hours; when two young humorists, fresh from their first degree, resolved to take this formal invitation in sober earnest. Knocking therefore at the Professor's door at the proper time, they found themselves brought face to face with a large party which he was entertaining at breakfast. Their errand briefly told, the host rose from the table with many apologies to his laughing guests, took the unexpected pupils into his library, and forthwith began to ransack his books for any Arabic work that might chance to come to hand. After a short and fruitless search, the happy thought occurred to him of questioning the lads whether they could read the alphabet of the language. On their reply in the affirmative, he next asked what they knew of the verbs, of which that tongue is furnished with a formidable array, regular and irregular, triliteral and quadriliteral, surd and defective. On their answer proving less satisfactory, the Professor told them, with much dignity of manner and as grave a countenance as he could assume, that University lectures were not for those who were ignorant of the elements; let them first master the grammar, and he would then take them through some easy Oriental story. The pair departed, feeling that they had scarcely come off best in this encounter of wits; the Professor returned to his breakfast party, cheerful and victorious.

Mr. Palmer's Arabic studies are of a somewhat different stamp. He has made a perfect mastery of that most copious of all existing languages thus far the chief business of his life, and is so much at

home with its almost infinite dialectic varieties, that, clad in Eastern garb, he will mix with Bedawin of the Desert around their evening camp-fire, and, listening to their simple tales, will tell his own in his turn, or even lead their public devotions; and then, like Mr. Palgrave, can withdraw from the company when he chooses, without incurring the least suspicion of being an unbeliever and a Frank. Yet it was not till the 8th of November, 1868, as he informs us, that he lay down to sleep for the first time in a tent, "the dark, mysterious Desert stretching far away behind me," when he joined the expedition sent out to explore scientifically the Peninsula of Sinai, and to execute the Ordnance Survey of that most interesting region:—

On the following morning we bade adieu to civilization. I shall not easily forget the impressions with which I entered the Desert. I had been for years familiar with the literature of Arabia, and had read with a certain vague interest the descriptions of Desert life; but here it was at last in all its reality before me.—P. 30.

The new situation for which he had schooled himself by long and elaborate preparation seemed natural to him from the very first. He found himself the more than interpreter of the whole party; and his *sobriquet* of Pundit among his European friends became with the Bedawin his proper name of Bundit, after they had transformed the consonant which their lips refused to pronounce.

Of the two parts into which this work is divided, though both are fraught with the most lively interest, the second has for us more of the charm of novelty. Some of the chief incidents comprised in the former part were admirably told in summary a year ago by Mr. Holland, one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who accompanied the scientific party in 1868-9, and had visited these regions three times before. Mr. Palmer also leads us over the beaten ground from Suez to Mount Sinai, and details the various processes whereby the officers of the Royal Engineers obtained their valuable results, and vindicated, apparently for all time, the claims of the traditional site of the Mountain of the Law, *Jebel Musa*, from the pretensions of its more western rival, *Jebel Serbal*. He takes us with him alike into the Greek convent of St. Katherine and into the Bedawin encampments, rendering us almost as much at home as himself with habits of life and modes of thought as different from each other as from our own. His account of the state of things at St. Katherine's is the least favourable we have yet met with. Besides the stagnation of mind and the dreamy irresolution only too natural in the circumstances of their dreary condition, the monks are represented as so careless of even the bare forms of their profession as to neglect the very Church services save when pilgrims are present; and those notably Russians, more zealous than themselves, as having "no enthusiasm, no hopes, no aspirations—no care for anything but indolence and rum." For the rest, their very alms are stones instead of bread:—

They do keep up, these holy fathers, a semblance of that charity which made the abbeys of old so famous, and every morning they dispense with an ungrudging hand loaves of bread to any Arab that chooses to apply. One of these loaves I brought back with me. An eminent geologist to whom I submitted it pronounced it "a piece of metamorphic rock, containing fragments of quartz embedded in an amorphous paste." No decently brought up ostrich could swallow one.—P. 61.

Of the Arabs of this portion of the Desert our author's report is much more pleasing. Those who do not understand them are wont to describe them as an irreligious people because they do not often perform the ostentatious prostrations of the Mohammedan ritual; but, says their partial, because better informed, friend, "I have frequently seen our guides grow silent and contemplative towards sunset as they walked along with their camels, and on riding up to them have overheard a simple prayer" (p. 95), to the full as intelligent as any poured forth in an English cottage home. Government, in its stricter sense, is unknown in these primitive communities. Each tribe has three sheikhs, the office being hereditary. "The sheikh," however, "is rather an agent and arbitrator than a ruler, his only duties being to collect and stipulate for the hire of camels, to represent his tribe in any dealings with the Government, and to settle disputes among the Bedawin themselves" (p. 87). Their marriages are arranged between the future bridegroom and the parents of the bride as a matter of barter and sale; but, to make some amends, the person most interested is formally apprised of it when the bargain is struck, and is allowed three days grace to make up her mind. If she dislikes the match, a girl of spirit will take to the mountains or escape to some neighbouring tents till the unwelcome suitor is got rid of. In other particulars these children of the Desert, as depicted by Mr. Palmer, are just a little too much like the natives of Arcadia or fairy land:—

The Bedawin, in their social relations, present a favourable contrast to the more civilized inhabitants of the towns and villages of the East. Their simple food, and the pure uncontaminated air which they breathe, induce a healthful condition, both of body and mind. They are cheerful, and even inclined to jocularity, often enduring the greatest hardships and privations without a murmur at their lot. Their demeanour is courteous and gentle in a marked degree, and the little punctilios of etiquette and hospitality observed when Bedawin meet would not fall far short of a Chesterfield's standard. It must nevertheless be confessed that when they do dispute, which almost invariably happens when money is the point at issue, they are as violent, demonstrative, and abusive as the most advanced civilization could desire. In striking a bargain, an Arab will not hesitate to lie and overreach you by every means in his power; but, when the terms are once agreed upon, you may be perfectly assured that his word is his bond. Theft and fraud are absolutely unknown in Sinai.—P. 81.

All this is pleasant reading, but the distinctive excellence of Mr. Palmer's work consists of his narrative of his journeyings on foot, attended only by Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake as a naturalist, from

* *The Desert of the Exodus: Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings, undertaken in connexion with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund.* By E. H. Palmer, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition, and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. 2 Parts. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1871.

December 1869 to May 1870, through the Wilderness of the Wanderings (Et Tih), the Negeb or South district of Palestine, and the region East of the Dead Sea, with the view of tracing the course of the Israelites during the thirty-eight years that they languished in those uninviting and almost unknown countries. It was his purpose to follow that people step by step, from one station to another, so far as their marches could be made out from the Pentateuch, and especially from the formal catalogue in the thirty-third chapter of the Book of Numbers. Amidst much obscurity in respect to details, the general course pursued by the Jews from Sinai (which Mr. Palmer made the starting-place of his second year's exploration, as it had been the extreme limit of his first) is abundantly clear. "There are eleven days' journey from Horeb by the way of Mount Seir unto Kadesh-barnea" (Deut. i. 2). But the actual progress from the Sinaitic Peninsula made by such a host was necessarily slower. Twenty-two stations are named in Num. xxxiii., and many more implied, of which Ezion-geber at the head of the Gulf of Akabah being one, it is certain that they travelled that way, "and did not enter the Tih by any of the passes in the southern edge of the plateau" (p. 508). Now one method of identifying sites mentioned in Scripture, of which until very recently little use has been made, is by ascertaining the names they bear at the present day; for so little have Eastern habits and language changed in historical times, that tradition is "fossilized" in the nomenclature, and thus often furnishes undying testimony to the truth of Scripture. Yet this mode of procedure is not without its disadvantages, as was distinctly perceived by an eminent traveller whom it often led wrong. "A tolerably certain method of finding any place at will is to ask an Arab if its name exists. He is sure to answer yes, and to point out some spot at hand as its location. In this way, I have no doubt, we might have found a Rephidim or Marah, or any place we chose" (Robinson, *Biblical Researches*, cited p. 14). Mr. Palmer's plan, as devised in his first winter, is rather more likely to lead to promising results:—

I accompanied the officers during the actual process of making the survey, and taking with me the most intelligent Bedawin that I could find belonging to the particular locality, I asked the name of each place as its position was noted down upon the sketch. I then made further enquiry in the neighbourhood from other Arabs, and never accepted a name without independent and separate testimony to corroborate the information I had at first received. Having in this manner satisfied myself of the accuracy of my information, I proceeded to enquire into the meaning and origin of the names, and set down against each one not only what I knew to be the signification of the word, but the meaning which my informant himself attached to it. I found this method invaluable for testing the accuracy of my orthography; and although the reasons given were not unfrequently trivial, or even ridiculous, they served the purpose of corroborative evidence.—P. 15.

Thus forearmed against false information, and resolved to search out the truth by painful inquiry even in matters of little moment, it would be strange if our traveller had plunged into that well nigh untraversed Desert to no good purpose. His daily progress, at least after leaving the Peninsula of Sinai, is distinctly traced on one of the elaborate maps which illustrate this sumptuous work, and some of the conclusions he arrives at are very remarkable. At Erweis el Ebeirig, one full day's march from the neighbourhood of Jebel Musa towards the North-east, he came upon the remains of a large encampment, differing essentially from any he had seen elsewhere in the country, and just outside the camp a number of stone-heaps, which, from their shape and position, could be nothing else but graves. A living Arab tradition, without connecting these remains with the Lord Moses, to whose history so many other spots are referred, affirms them to be the relics of a large Hajj or Pilgrim caravan, which in remote ages pitched here on its way to Ain Hudherah, and was afterwards lost in the Desert of the Tih (p. 258). This site is identified by Mr. Palmer with Kibroth-hattaavah, the "graves of lust," so called because they there buried the people that had lusted for flesh, and died of the plague. This identification is all the more probable inasmuch as not only is the place itself the first station from Sinai in that direction, but the next is still called Ain Hudherah, a modern form recalling the Hazeroth of the sacred narrative (Num. xi. 35; xxxiii. 17), a spot which appears to have been visited before by no European except Mr. Holland. The distant view of the palm-grove of Ain Hudherah, as seen from a mountain gorge in the vicinity, and represented in one of Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake's numerous illustrations, is declared to be the most beautiful and romantic landscape in the Desert. "This picture, framed in the jagged cleft, and lit up by the evening sun, with the varied tints and shades upon its mountain background, and the awful stillness that might be seen as Egypt's darkness could be felt, was such a landscape as none but the Great Artist's hand could have designed" (p. 261). We will touch on but one point more. One of the most perplexing problems of Scripture geography is the position of Kadesh-barnea, the scene of the fatal murmuring of the children of Israel, in retribution for which they were driven back again into the great and terrible wilderness, to return to the same spot only when eight-and-thirty years were completed. During that long period the history of the doomed generation was almost a blank, its wanderings without aim or purpose, and there is much probability in the suggestion that, though the Tabernacle and the seat of government remained nearly fixed, the mass of the people spread themselves over the Tih, much as a Bedawin tribe does now (p. 519). The Kadesh from which they started and to which they came back at last is regarded by our author as Ain Gadis, on the very confines of Palestine, an open space immediately under the cliff (*Sela*) in which the spring (*Ain*) rises (p. 509).

Such is our general estimate of a work which the Biblical student will highly prize for the strong light which it sheds upon a most important portion of Scripture history, but which cannot be read without interest and delight by every one who is capable of taking an intelligent interest in manners and customs widely removed from our own. As critics must needs be grumblers, we cannot help giving Mr. Palmer one piece of advice. He knows so much about so many things that he ought to be under no temptation to talk of matters whereof he is plainly ignorant. We are his humble pupils in all that relates to Arabic and the Arabs, but he must really expunge from his second edition what he says (p. 69) about his Codex Aureus of the Gospels at St. Katherine's on Sinai, taking our word for it that he is talking unmitigated nonsense.

CHESTER AS IT WAS.*

IT is somewhat of a sign of the times when we find our ecclesiastical dignitaries giving themselves to the illustration of the great buildings over which they are set to preside. The present Bishop of Llandaff some years ago published an account of his cathedral church, perhaps the first example for a long time of such a work being undertaken by an episcopal hand. We have now the Dean of Chester following in the same track. In so doing he is eminently in his right place. A Dean should always be something of an antiquary in the higher sense of the word. He should understand and love the fabric whose guardianship is one of his chief duties; every stone of the building and every detail of its history should be a living thing to him. The question, What is the use of a Dean? which in some places there is a strong temptation to ask, is not likely to be asked at Chester just now. Dr. Howson is the life and soul of a great work of restoration, less striking than the work which Bishop Ollivant had to record at Llandaff only because Chester had never fallen into such utter ruin as Llandaff. And his lot is cast in one of those cities in which the cathedral church is not everything. Chester, as we once showed in some detail, is a city which emphatically has a history. As a place with its history from the earliest times stamped on the face of it, Chester ranks along with York and Lincoln. In the completeness of its history it almost surpasses them. Even York and Lincoln can hardly put forth such claims to historic eminence as the city which beheld the Briton sink before the sword of Æthelfrith, and which was the last city in England to hold out against the power of William. We wonder that the Dean has not given a continuous sketch, however short, of the history of the city. It is hardly enough to say

The departure of the Romans left this city more or less desolate; and for a time we find the space within the old walls entitled "Waste Chester." But the later Saxon times and the earlier Norman times brought Chester back to its old importance, and saw it strongly re-fortified. It is probably to a brave Saxon princess that we owe, within this enclosure, the mound on which the Castle now stands, and here was erected the Norman keep, of which some traces still remain, though these are very slight.

This hardly brings out the fact that Chester was the scene of events which set the seal to two of the great revolutions in the history of our island. It was not the departure of the Romans which left the city more or less desolate. It was the victory of Æthelfrith which left Deva for three hundred years in the state in which the victory of Ælle and Cissa has left Anderida for fourteen hundred. Deva, Civitas Legionum, became, like Anderida, "a waste chester," not "the Waste Chester," as if "Chester" had already been a proper name in the days of Ælfred. Now the victory of Æthelfrith is one of the foremost events in the history of Britain. It marks one of the great stages of the English Conquest. Following fast upon the great campaigns of Ceawlin, it shivered and split up the British power for ever. The two events broke in pieces that long continuous British dominion which still stretched from Exeter to Dumbarton. Ceawlin and Æthelfrith, by severing this great mass of territory into three detached fragments, really decided the struggle between Briton and Englishman. Æthelfrith moreover succeeded in that attempt on the great British stronghold in this corner in which Ceawlin failed. Ceawlin reached Fethanleah, but Æthelfrith destroyed the City of the Legions itself. He thus not only dealt a deadly blow to the Briton, but gave a lasting check to the rival English power. Wessex had to lay aside all hopes of Northern dominion till the days of Egberht. All this is local Chester history. So is the tale how the Danes turned the forsaken walls of the "waste chester" into a stronghold against Ælfred and Æthelred, and how the Lady of the Mercians, the renowned daughter of Ælfred and wife of Æthelred, who lurks somewhat unworthily under the name of "a brave Saxon princess," struck no doubt by the capacity of the site as shown by this incident, called the City of the Legions once more into being. To bring out things like these in a vivid way makes just the difference between making local history a dead or a living thing. Dean Howson has given us a good deal of Chester history here and there in his book, but he has not brought out the grand drama, for such it really is, of the varied fortunes of the city.

The joint book of the Dean and Mr. Rimmer is a very pretty one, but we are not sure that it does not suffer from being, as the Dean explains in his preface, not exactly an antiquarian book, and not exactly a work of art, but something which pretends to some-

* *Chester as it was.* By the Very Rev. J. C. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester, and Alfred Rimmer, Esq., Architect. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

what of both characters. We are a little afraid of what the Dean calls "poetry" of the attempt to make picturesque views of the past state of Chester or any other place. To our taste we should better like either a purely scientific representation of what Chester Cathedral or any other building must have been like at any given time—a work for which it is often possible to find indications which are quite enough—or else a representation of a mediæval city, which, as an individual portrait, may be purely a work of imagination, but which may rest on sufficient authority in all its detail. This last picture of course would not call itself Chester or any other place in particular. But views of the particular city of Chester, based partly on what is still standing, partly on a theory, however probable, of what things must have been, views which do not even profess to give a consistent notion of the city at any one time, strike us as something which lacks scientific precision. But all the world is not scientific, and a book like this may serve a very good purpose in giving people who are not professed antiquarian students a general notion of what a mediæval city must have looked like, a notion which is likely to be the more lively if it is based on some actually existing city. Many people will better understand the kind of changes which Chester and other places have undergone from this more picturesque kind of treatment than from the methods which we should look on as more scientifically exact. Still we think it would have been possible to bring out a more complete view of the great monastery of St. Werburgh, as it stood before the changes of the last three hundred years. The remains are so extensive that there would not be much need to draw on the imagination. The Dean's comments show that he thoroughly understands the history of the church and its relation to the conventual buildings. But the artist seems to have had his head too full of the "Cathedral" to bring out a complete picture of the Abbey. The one view which shows any of the monastic buildings does not bring them out with any force or at all show their relations to one another. Mr. Rimmer does not seem to understand what a monastery was. The parts of the book written by him are very inferior to the Dean's share, and they have a strong tendency to be twaddling and unintelligible. In one place he goes out of his way to make a long extract from a speech of Mr. Gladstone's which has no particular appropriateness to the Stanley House at Chester. And what is the force or meaning of such talk as the following about the Earl of Derby who was beheaded at Bolton?—

It is quite impossible now, with our present notions, to enter into the feelings of the interview between Lord Derby and his daughters—"my lady Catherine and Amelia"—as he met them about half a mile from Chester; but it is comfortable to think, so far from their partaking of the character of a last interview between a condemned criminal and his family of the present time, it probably had nothing in common with this. The heroic feeling of doing no wrong and yet suffering, fully bore them up under their trials, and imparted even a feeling of exultation; this may fairly be claimed by the delineators of old Chester, as a set-off against the painful feelings that the sufferings of the Stuart period might suggest, and almost reconcile us to the reading of the last interview between the grand old Earl and his family.

We have no kind of notion what this means, nor can we make much more of Mr. Rimmer when he deals with matters more in his own province. He says, truly enough, that a very small change may utterly ruin a fine prospect, or, as he oddly puts it, that "a new brick gable or modern shop" often spoils "a village or landscape that has been for many years a source of delight." He then adds:—

They manage these things much better on the Continent, and that because an eye for the comely has there been more encouraged. The small stalls and shops that nestle round a Continental Cathedral usually form a foreground of amazing picturesqueness. We are often struck with the seemingly shapeless massive appearance of Continental Cathedrals when seen from a distance.

He instances Beauvais, Amiens, and Strasburg, and goes on to say that in "Continental Cathedrals"

there are very rarely any base mouldings; these would be hidden; but all the efforts of designers seem to culminate in lofty naves and vast flying buttresses that are grouped in great numbers and variety, and form a splendid grey background for an artist.

There is something funny in the opposition between a base moulding and a nave, and we are altogether puzzled about the lofty naves grouped in great numbers and variety. We have no means of knowing what this kind of grouping would be like, but surely it would be something specially unlike the *Basse Œuvre* at Beauvais. As for the flying buttresses, surely the position where they best show themselves is round the apse. Mr. Rimmer is evidently of the sect which looks on all "the Continent" as one concern, and which sometimes fancies that every big church is a "cathedral," sometimes that the presence of an episcopal throne somehow makes the church in which it stands altogether different in kind from a mitred abbey. As for the "shapeless massive appearance of Continental Cathedrals," it is the accidental character of some churches which were left unfinished, or which were built so high that it was impossible to furnish them with towers having any sort of proportion. There is nothing of "shapeless massiveness" about the great churches of Normandy, or the Romanesque churches of Germany. Mr. Rimmer then goes on to discuss his picture of St. Werburgh's from the north, and holds forth about the presence or absence of some cottages a long way off. "The present foreground," he tells us, "is sadly wanting in interest." He plainly does not see why, namely, because the chapter-house and refectory, having lost their

high roofs, hardly stand out in the distant view, and so the church has too isolated a look. Mr. Rimmer then adds:—

But the English Cathedrals are more symmetrical than the Continental at any time, as far at least as the outline is concerned. *They were designed to stand alone.* Hereford, Lichfield, Salisbury, and Winchester especially, owe much of their imposing beauty to the grounds which surround them.

Mr. Rimmer seems to see no difference between monasteries like Winchester and St. Werburgh's and secular churches like Hereford, Lichfield, and Salisbury. We wonder whether he knows that St. Werburgh's is a "Cathedral" only in the same sense in which the High Church of Manchester is. We know nothing of the "imposing beauty" which any of these churches owe to "the grounds"—whatever those are—which surround them. But as Mr. Rimmer thinks that churches, monastic, we presume, as well as secular, were "meant to stand alone," we suppose that he sympathizes with the savages who robbed Salisbury of its campanile, and Lichfield of its gateways. We should be sorry to trust Mr. Rimmer either at Wells or at Pisa.

After Mr. Rimmer's talk, it is pleasant to turn to what Dean Howson has to say about the Chester rows. We had always thought that they were unique. Dr. Howson quotes an analogous example from Rome, but from an "obscure corner." He well points out their utter unlikeness to the arcades of Bern, with which, and even with those of Bologna, it seems they have been compared. Such a comparison only shows how few people can catch the real points of likeness and unlikeness between any two things. Bern, Bologna, Padua, Carentan in the Côtentin, the Piazza of St. Mark's if it comes to that, all have arcades, but none of them have rows, none of them have an upstairs street like Chester. But though the one parallel is at Rome, there is no chance of any "actual continuity in this mode of building connecting Ancient Rome and Mediæval Chester." Æthelfrith saw too well to that.

The book, we repeat, is a very pretty one, and it has its use, though it would have been well if Mr. Rimmer had at least kept himself to the use of the pencil. We wish that, instead of writing discourses on "the comely" and the interview between the Earl of Derby and his daughters, he had given us a view of what St. John's Minster must have been when it was perfect.

ACROSS THE FERRY.*

THE author of this book, who announces himself as Editor of the *Leisure Hour*, remarks that an "apology is due" for the republication from the pages of that periodical of these sketches of a brief visit to America. There are, as he tells us with much force, already many books on America. It seems, moreover, that he was barely two months in the country, and he cannot be expected to have penetrated within that time very far below the surface. We are rather at a loss to say whether an apology is really due or not. The casuistry of the whole question of publication has not, so far as we are aware, been properly considered. On the one hand, the press is free in England; and if a writer can obtain a publisher, and does not offend in some very glaring manner against the laws of decency, or blunder into a downright libel, no legal penalty can be inflicted upon him for rushing into print. We may even go further and say that he is not guilty of any appreciable moral offence. He has inflicted no wrong upon anybody, for no one need buy the book unless he chooses. On the other hand, it may possibly be urged that the practice of putting into a permanent form large quantities of matter which, it may be, did well enough in the pages of a periodical, is prejudicial to the interests of literature. When Lord Macaulay published his *Essays*, he thought it necessary to justify himself by alleging that American booksellers had already published them without his consent. Nobody thinks such a defence necessary at the present day; and the change of sentiment is perhaps a matter for regret. The literary digestion of the country is weakened by the masses of trash which are thrust upon it; and our power of appreciating excellence declines when we are overwhelmed with mediocrity.

Without discussing the knotty point at greater length, we may at once say frankly that if a person who writes an insipid and superficial book without necessity is bound to make an apology, then we certainly hold that an apology is due from the author of *Across the Ferry*. He has, indeed, the merit of frankness, for, as he tells us in his title-page, the book gives "first impressions of America and its people." Now, without any disparagement to Dr. Macaulay, who, for any thing we can see to the contrary, may be a very intelligent person, we have no hesitation in saying that neither his first impressions nor the first impressions of any other person on so large and so familiar a subject can be worth recording. If a young gentleman were to take to the study, say, of Greek history, and after spending a couple of months in reading the most obvious authorities were to publish his first impressions by way of a supplement to Grote, we should not admire his wisdom; but we do not see that his conduct would be intrinsically more absurd. Dr. Macaulay may perhaps have spent eight weeks in America, and, moreover, eight weeks during the "fall," when the opportunities of seeing the "most remarkable men in the country" are as limited as possible. In that time he visited New York, Boston, Niagara, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Washington, and, in fact,

* *Across the Ferry.* By Jas. Macaulay, M.A., M.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1871.

made what may be called the regular American round. If we deduct from this the time necessarily spent in travelling by slow trains over great distances, the time spent in hunting up the friends to whom he had letters of introduction, the time wasted by all those petty inconveniences which necessarily await a traveller in a new country, we should say that a good half of his time must have been taken up in the mere preliminaries of observation. What could he really learn about a population larger than our own in the remaining four weeks? What, for example, can be the value of his opinion as to the relative merits of a denominational and a secular system of education, or as to the advantage of opening school by reading the Bible "without note or comment"? Or to take a still larger question, what can be the value of his judgment as to the religious movements of America? It appears to be his impression that America will reproduce the phenomena of middle-class Protestantism in England; that Anglicanism will perhaps be the prevailing persuasion amongst the rich, and that the great bulk of the nation will be substantially in sympathy with our Dissenters. The growth of Catholicism, he says, is simply due to the Irish emigration; the old Unitarianism is dying out, and infidelity disappearing along with it; whilst Spiritualism, Mormonism, and the other varieties of creed described by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, are mere trifles undeserving of a moment's attention. All this may be true, or it may imply a totally mistaken view of a very interesting subject. We merely say that Dr. Macaulay has not qualified himself to form an opinion on the subject, and that his testimony is not worth serious attention. We shall, therefore, confine our remarks to a different subject. We shall regard Dr. Macaulay as illustrating the spirit in which the ordinary Englishman visits the United States and the lessons which he draws from it.

The first thing which strikes such a traveller—and he takes great credit to himself for the acuteness of the observation—is that an American is a human being. He puts this commonplace in a great variety of ways, sometimes reflecting that Mrs. Trollope, Captain Basil Hall, and Dickens were guilty of caricaturing people whom, being men, they ought to have regarded as brothers; and sometimes remarking that Republicanism does not necessarily make people virtuous, and that evils are to be found under every form of government. Dr. Macaulay records with evident complacency a remark characteristic of this stage of sentiment, in which he has probably been preceded by many thousands of observers; it is that, in some sense or other of the words, England is as genuine a Republic as the United States. Whether there was any great value in this observation when it was first made may be doubted; but it has been repeated so frequently that we would fain hope that we shall not meet it much oftener. The next discovery which dawns upon the traveller is that Americans talk English, and many of them, moreover, an English dialect strongly resembling that of large classes in his native country. Mr. Spurgeon, for example, would find a thoroughly congenial atmosphere in America; and Mr. Ward Beecher would be equally at home in England. There is a continuity of religious and political feeling between certain social strata on both sides of the Atlantic, though it by no means extends throughout the whole nation. It is almost inevitable that the traveller should join himself to that class which most strongly resembles his own. If, for example, he is a good Scotch Protestant, like Dr. Macaulay, he falls at once into the hands of some of the leading members of the Presbyterian, or possibly of the Methodist, Church; if he happened to be a Radical of the ordinary type, he would probably be absorbed by the Abolitionists or their successors; but whatever may be the class with which he is most in harmony, he is certain to find it very hospitable, as all Americans are hospitable, and very much disposed to make him look at everything through its own spectacles. As a natural consequence, the traveller, during a tour of a few months or so, is handed on from one of the faithful to another, and the chances are that he never succeeds in obtaining even a glimpse of America as it would appear to one of the wicked. He has just time to learn the commonplaces current amongst the particular clique to which he has joined himself, and has no means of judging how far they extend, or of checking them by any external observation. One peculiarity, however, is common to all Americans, at least in the Northern half of the Union. Every traveller, unless he is made of abnormally tough material, is forced to go through a course of "institutions." The favourite institutions are, of course, the Common Schools. They are, speaking from the point of view of the superficial traveller, the great nuisances of the country. The great majority of Englishmen who do not belong to the scholastic profession never think of entering a school at home, and far less of examining an educational apparatus, or making a speech to the pupils; but they are expected, as soon as they land in America, to be consumed by a perfect passion for useful information on such subjects, and, as they have not generally such a passion in readiness, they do their best to work themselves up for the occasion. We have known a few persons of sufficient independence of character to revolt against this process, but the great majority (and we need not say that Dr. Macaulay is amongst them) abandon themselves with absolute resignation, and even—so great is the human power of self-deception—persuade themselves that they like it. When once a gentleman has yielded to the current, we know precisely what will be the pith of his work if he writes a book, though the details may vary. We shall have all the dismal old platitudes about the blessings of education, the advantages of local self-government, and the intelligence of the American people, mixed with observations as to the

common language, common laws, and common religion of England and America. The extraordinary delight which the Americans take in all manner of statistical information will enable him to fill up as many gaps as he pleases with scraps of useful knowledge. We shall be told once more how many newspapers there are in America, what is the amount of annual contributions to Mr. Ward Beecher's chapel, how many pigs are annually killed in Cincinnati, what have been the numbers of emigrants during the last thirty years, how many gallons of water flow down the Croton aqueduct or over the falls of Niagara, how many miles of water navigation join in the Mississippi, how many millions of dollars of the National Debt have been paid off, and—last and most distressing—what has been the rate of increase of the population of Chicago. When we mention the fact that Dr. Macaulay, so far from sparing us the thousand-and-first repetition of this perfectly exasperating story, repeats it over again, and absolutely revels in it, we have probably said enough to indicate the nature of his book. And with this remark we will return one more to the question of apology. If Dr. Macaulay and his like have any cause for apologizing, it is that they bid fair to make the very name of the United States a kind of warning bell which will induce all reasonable people to close their ears or shut the book before them. We really believe, and we hope to continue to believe, that many very interesting remarks might be made about our cousins, if anybody would only take the necessary trouble to study the question as it deserves. The phenomena worth notice are not entirely confined to the two or three subjects on which we have been deluged with figures and overwhelmed with commonplaces. And yet we feel that our faith grows weaker in spite of ourselves, and that we are in danger of laying it down as an invariable law that the United States exercise a benumbing influence over the faculties of all travellers, which must be attributed to something soporific in the climate and in the manners and habits of the people themselves.

COWTAN'S MEMORIES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.*

WRITERS on the British Museum have been very active of late. It would appear as though the restless energy displayed by the promoters of the rival establishment at South Kensington had put the officials of "the old curiosity shop in Great Russell Street" on their metal. Handbooks and catalogues have within the last few months appeared in unprecedented numbers, and the work before us is the second of its kind which has been published within a little more than a twelvemonth. In the *Lives of the Founders of the British Museum* Mr. Edwards furnished us with a vast amount of information on the subject of the various collections, and now Mr. Cowtan has added, as it were, a supplement, in which he admits us into that part of the inner life of the Museum with which he is most intimately acquainted. It must necessarily be difficult for an officer of a department to write of his brother officials. In such a work it is inevitable that, if he discharges his duties with firmness and truth—unless his colleagues are all paragons of virtue and learning—he should give offence to some. But a writer who proposes to himself such a task should be willing to bear the resentment of those deserving of censure, and to seek his reward in the consciousness of having acted with impartiality and justice. We have the greatest respect for the erudition and learning of the Museum functionaries as a body; but, however anxious we may be to accept the evidence of Mr. Cowtan on these subjects, he puts too great a strain on our credulity when he eulogizes in rapturous terms one and all, from the Principal Librarian to the junior official, and backwards from the former to the earliest Librarian employed by the Trustees. We become suspicious when we find such expressions as "profound student," "able scholar," "accomplished gentleman," applied to each, and we long to meet with some who are shallow, ignorant, and bores. That such there are even among Mr. Cowtan's colleagues we have no doubt, and his book would have been less insipid had he told us so. It is not complimentary to the intelligence of the public, and it is an insult to those members of the Museum staff who have distinguished themselves above their compeers, to class a body of men such as that of which he speaks as of one rank in intelligence and ability. Mr. Cowtan appears to have adopted the principle of besmattering every one with as much praise as he can get into the space he devotes to the notice of each. The result is, that he has produced a book which must necessarily be utterly untrustworthy, and in the worst possible taste. By his indiscriminate adulation he has reduced men worthy of admiration and honour to the level of those of whom the world never would have heard but for the appearance of the work before us, and we venture to affirm that even the outrageous puffing bestowed on these latter in its pages will never float them above the level which they are formed by nature to occupy.

In proportion to the space he devotes to the rank and file of the Museum does he detract from the interest which would otherwise attach to his book. It is impossible to feel a passing touch even of curiosity about a gentleman whose only title to distinction is that he has carried Mr. Disraeli, when a boy, on his back; or about another who is immortalized in the work before us for no other reason than that he was in the habit of inviting its author to

* *Memories of the British Museum.* By Robert Cowtan, an Assistant in the Library of the British Museum. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

tea. This is the sort of twaddle which occupies page after page of Mr. Cowtan's book:—

I would not by any means omit the name of a lady who was kind to me from the morning of my first engagement in the Library; I allude to Mrs. Mary Bygrave, the Housekeeper, or, as she was termed in the Parliamentary Returns, "Chief Housemaid." This lady entered upon her duties as early as the 18th of March, 1799, and on my first connexion with the Museum I was a special favourite of hers. She had spent thirty and three years in the service of the Trustees, and though somewhat advanced in life, she still retained the remains of a beauty that must once have been very bewitchingly attractive. From my being the youngest man at that time in the Museum, she was particularly pleased with little attentions paid her. I remember presenting her one summer morning with a moss-rose bud, when I remarked that at one time it would have done for an emblem of herself. She told me, with a woman's pride, that she was once rather attractive, at least the young fellows told her so.

Fortunately for his readers, Mr. Cowtan's personal recollections of the Museum are not sufficiently voluminous to form of themselves materials for a book, and he has therefore been under the necessity of devoting some chapters to the contents and administration of the various departments. On these points his long service under the Trustees enables him to speak with authority.

At the time of his first appointment to the Museum, in 1835, Montagu House was still standing, and the only portion of the present building which then existed was that known as the King's Library. In this and the other libraries the total number of volumes was then about 230,000; at the present day they have grown to more than a million. During the first thirty-two years of this century "the net sum of public money applied to increase the only national library in the British dominions fell short of 20,000*l.*"; now Parliament grants annually 10,000*l.* for the purchase of books. Such are some of the changes which have come over the Museum Library and its management during the last six-and-thirty years, and they illustrate in a marked manner the rapidity of the growth of national intelligence and education during that period. When we read Mr. Cowtan's description of the arrangements connected with the Reading Room of 1835, and compare them in our mind with those pertaining to the magnificent apartment which now annually receives upwards of 100,000 readers, the interval which has elapsed appears as though it should be counted by centuries rather than by decades:—

The approach to this room [the Reading Room] adjoining the Manuscript Department [says our author] was through a small archway from the courtyard, past Mr. Cary's apartments, and up a flight of narrow stone steps into a small lobby where the sticks and umbrellas of readers were left. This lobby was so small and so cold, and so uncomfortable, that the poor fellow stationed there as an attendant, who came to the Museum from the comfortable service of the Countess of Blessington, often told me a dog would not remain there except he was chained up.

A considerable improvement in the accommodation afforded to students was made when, in 1838, the completion of the Museum buildings placed at the disposal of the Trustees for this purpose the rooms in the north-east angle, which were fitted up with every available comfort. But as the number of readers increased, so many complaints were continually made of the bad ventilation and want of light, as well of room, in these apartments, that it became necessary to consider the advisableness of adding to the building a reading-room of sufficient size to satisfy the requirements of many years to come.

About this time the late Mr. Watts, in a series of papers on the British Museum which appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, suggested that a building should be erected in the inner quadrangle of the new building, capable of meeting all the demands made for further library accommodation. Of this proposal no notice was taken at the time, and a like suggestion made by Mr. Edward Hawkins in 1842 was also entirely disregarded. Ten years later the same idea occurred to Mr. Panizzi, and owing to his great personal influence and indomitable perseverance, it was carried into effect. The first brick of the present Reading-room was laid in September 1854, and the building was completed in May 1857. Mr. Cowtan gives us some curious statistics as to the size of the room:—

The dome [he says] is 140 feet in diameter, and its height 106 feet. . . . Its shelves contain about 60,000 volumes; and the new building altogether will accommodate as many as 1,500,000 volumes. The building contains three miles lineal of book-cases eight feet high; assuming them all to be spaced for the average octavo book size, the entire ranges form twenty-five miles of shelves. Assuming the shelves to be filled with books, of paper of average thickness, the leaves placed edge to edge would extend about 25,000 miles, or more than three times the diameter of the globe.

It is perhaps of more practical value to know that the room affords space for 302 readers, and that this number of students is often to be found at one time within its walls.

We should scarcely be giving a fair sketch of Mr. Cowtan's book were we to omit to mention the very prominent position which the figure of Panizzi occupies from the frontispiece to the last page. The indiscriminate praise bestowed upon him throughout will appear to many to be overdrawn, but at least it will be recognised as the genuine expression of the gushing admiration of a devoted follower. And it cannot be denied that it is mainly due to Sir Anthony Panizzi and the system he introduced that the nation now possesses the most perfect library in the world, and that its contents are made available to the public with the fewest possible restrictions, and in the most convenient manner. Those, however, who have not already formed a high opinion of his undoubted ability will scarcely be led to do so by the perusal of Mr. Cowtan's book. In common with almost every other part, the pages dedicated to his honour are conspicuous for the bad taste in which they are written. A considerable amount of interest attaches to the

chapters devoted to the statistical and historical accounts of the Museum; but Mr. Cowtan's personal recollections are worthless and insipid.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Commune and the Prussians, the two sieges of Paris, the state of French society, and the means of restoring it to healthful life, such are still the topics discussed in the immense majority of works which we have to notice. Some years ago a distinguished magistrate, M. Dubois-Guchan, writing two thick octavo volumes on Tacitus, endeavoured to prove that France had reached a state of civilization corresponding exactly to that of Rome under the Cæsars, and that a strong personal government was the only one suited to a nation where all political life was extinct, where faith no longer existed, and where the thirst for enjoyment absorbed everything else. The publication of so plain-spoken an apology for despotism excited the utmost indignation at the time, and the liberal portion of the community had no expressions violent enough to denounce the unfortunate M. Dubois-Guchan. Events, however, seem to prove in the saddest manner that Liberalism alone is not sufficient to save a people from political decay, and that a society enervated by scepticism requires a panacea much more effective than the one embodied in the famous axiom, "Liberty, equality, fraternity." On this subject M. de Pontmartin speaks with all possible plainness; he compares the France of 1871 to the shipwrecked mariners crowded together on the raft of the *Méduse*; and whilst he is far from despairing of the rehabilitation of his country, he frankly expresses his opinion that a revival of religious life can alone bring about the desired result. The book which he now publishes, composed of *feuilletons* written during the last six months, is a severe but, we think, a very fair bill of indictment not only against this or that section of the Paris population, but against the whole community. *Bourgeoisie*, working classes, aristocracy, leaders of fashion, journalists, statesmen, all come in for their share of blame, all are made equally responsible for the calamities which weigh down upon unhappy France. M. de Pontmartin has devoted a chapter to an impartial discussion of the well-known statement which is so often repeated amongst our neighbours at the present time—namely, that the want of proper education must be considered as the original cause of the chronic uneasiness which every now and then issues, on the other side of the Channel, in civil war and attempts at political revolution. The objection, our author remarks, is true enough, but when the ultra-Republicans clamour for education, do they not always mean that the teaching of the young shall be in all cases carefully founded upon the theories of Messrs. Eugène Sue, Quinet, Michelet, Victor Hugo, and Balzac?

It may perhaps be said that M. de Pontmartin's statements cannot be altogether received, coming as they do from a writer who avowedly takes the side of religion; but here we are able to bring forward the testimony of another journalist, whose statements will not on this point be accused of partiality—we mean M. Alphonse Daudet. His *Lettres d'un Absent* are extremely amusing; and they describe with a good deal of truthfulness, though at the same time with too much levity, the faults of his countrymen. The late M. Vinet reproached the French for being essentially fond of theatrical display; M. Daudet says exactly the same thing in the picturesque language of a journalist. The love of *truc* is the cardinal sin of Frenchmen, and any one who is acquainted with the mysteries of Parisian society knows exactly how display, sham, lying, feverish agitation, want of principle are represented and condensed in the small word *truc*. "The education of the Parisians," M. Daudet bitterly remarks, "is generally carried on in dancing-saloons"; M. de Pontmartin never said anything stronger. They feed upon unhealthy novels, and it is not long since a few young men really attempted to illustrate practically M. de Balzac's celebrated tale, *Les Treize*. When the state of society is on the whole sound, such absurdities do not lead to any dangerous consequences; but imagine the case of a revolution, and place at the Paris Hôtel de Ville half-a-dozen *sans-culottes* who seriously set about reviving 1793. Thus it is, adds M. Daudet, that we have had Rigault-Tunville, Vermersch-Duchêne, and Vermorel-Robespierre. The episodes described in the *Lettres d'un Absent* are, we repeat, very amusing, but it is a pity to see the horrors of civil war treated with so much indifference.

M. Jules Claretie writes the history of *La Guerre nationale* † from the Republican point of view, and his pen has the steadiness which we should have liked to see in M. Daudet's otherwise valuable book. He gives us a detailed account of the battles fought outside Paris from the month of September 1870 to January 1871, and he thus completes the series of volumes already noticed by us. The preparations for the war, the defeat of Forbach, and the catastrophe of Sedan formed the subject of *La France envahie*; in *Paris assiégé* we had the exact journal, kept day by day, of all the events connected with the siege; the present volume, therefore, may be considered as an intermediate link between the two others. M. Jules Claretie feels convinced that France will one day rise from its ashes, but he does not see any principle of renovation higher than knowledge and intellectual life, whereas moral development is the condition without which the

* *Le Radeau de la Méduse*. Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

† *Lettres d'un Absent*. Par A. Daudet. Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *La Guerre nationale*. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Lemerre.

greatest amount of mental culture, far from being beneficial, may be positively dangerous.

Bibliomaniacs are already spending money in profusion for the purpose of making complete collections of all the newspapers, bills, pamphlets, &c., published during the Commune. Such collections, we know, are extremely difficult to procure, and the British Museum itself has had some trouble in securing a set of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of modern Parisian revolutionary journalism. Let us then give our cordial thanks to "M. L. M."* for the very interesting and able summary he has published of the Communistic daily press. His two volumes contain, in the first place, all the really important part of the *Journal officiel*, such as laws, decrees, orders, military despatches, reports of sittings, &c. &c. We have then copious extracts from the other newspapers which sided with the Revolutionary Government, and, finally, a few quotations from the *Versailles* press. The whole makes up a very useful and readable book, deserving to be placed side by side with M. Maillard's *Histoire des journaux de la Commune*.

Captain Jacquemont relates † the share which the Pontifical Zouaves had in the campaign against the Prussians. He begins his narrative at the time when the French army of occupation quartered in Rome was obliged to yield before the Italian troops, and to embark at Civita Vecchia; he describes the last attempt made by General Kanzler to defend the Pope against the soldiers of King Victor Emmanuel; he then speaks of Baron de Charette's reorganization of the Zouaves, and gives a most interesting account of the various battles in which the small Pontifical army took a part.

The anonymous author who describes the "agony of the army of the Rhine" ‡ is loud in his wishes for revenge, and he expects that the day of retribution will come at no distant period; but, in the midst of expressions of unreasonable fury, he points out in the clearest manner certain facts which few persons have as yet noticed, and which explain most naturally, to a considerable extent at least, the catastrophe of Sedan. France, he says, did not desire war, and, with the exception of a few ambitious or active officers, the army was fully convinced that nothing would be attempted to thwart the ambition of Prussia. As a natural consequence of such a state of things, no attempt had been made to introduce a better system instead of the old spirit of routine which paralysed the efficiency of the army; and whilst the enemies of France were busily engaged in bringing their military organization to a thorough state of perfection, matters remained on the opposite side of the Rhine much what they were thirty years ago. But a second and more fatal cause was at work to help the Prussians and to bring about the disasters of the French. Convinced that the army alone kept up the Imperial régime and supported Napoleon III. and his throne, the newspapers belonging to the Opposition had long been doing their best to sow amongst the soldiers the seeds of disaffection, little knowing that they were thus busily preparing the degradation of their country. It is strange and singular to say that M. Gambetta and his friends should have had, after the revolution of September, to restore the discipline which they themselves had been most instrumental in subverting.

M. de Freycinet's book, *La guerre en Province* §, with its two maps and its voluminous appendix of *pièces justificatives*, is one of the best books that have been published on the late war. The author's conclusions deserve to be recorded here; we shall state them briefly. M. de Freycinet thinks that the faults committed by the French commanders were not really greater than in other wars; if they appear more glaring and more numerous, it is because the idea of defeat seemed scarcely credible to men who lived intellectually upon the traditions of the old Napoleonic successes. Still, faults have been committed, and it behoves all Frenchmen to examine calmly what are the best means of preventing a repetition of such disasters. In the first place, the axiom *tel peuple, telle armée* must be admitted as beyond discussion; an emasculated nation, corrupted by luxury, scepticism, and vice, cannot expect to have an army well disciplined, well informed, and actuated by high principle. Let instruction be made strictly compulsory, so that no man shall reach his twentieth year without having given satisfactory proofs that he possesses a minimum of information on all essential topics. Military service should be made obligatory for all, and so arranged that intellectual training may replace the tedious drills which uselessly take up nearly the whole time when a soldier is on duty. Promotion should be given, not by favour nor by seniority, but as the result of severe examinations. Garrison life is the curse of discipline; instead of quartering the regiments in large centres of population, they should be made to encamp and kept as much as possible away from the excitement of *cafés*, public meetings, &c. The staff and the commissariat must also be thoroughly remodelled, and the old *corps d'armée* replaced by district brigades, which will enable the reserves to be organized without either trouble or waste of time. Finally, says M. de Freycinet, let the task of reformation be begun at once.

M. Michelet publishes a new edition of his History of France ||, adding to it a kind of autobiographical preface in which he de-

scribes the growth of his work and the influences under which it was written. He parades rather unnecessarily and offensively his hatred of Christianity, and states as a singular fact that "the only man who had sufficient love within him to create anew and build over again the inner world of the Church was he (Michelet) whom the Church did not bring up, who never took the Sacrament (the italics are M. Michelet's), whose faith was only the belief in humanity, who did not accept a *credo* authoritatively imposed, and who was a free-thinker." This declaration is plain enough, and it would be curious to inquire how the author of the book before us can reconcile it with the following passage translated from his introduction to the *Mémoires de Luther*:—"I shall not, as so many others have done, expose to the public gaze the wounds of a Church in which I was born, and which is still dear to me. Poor old mother of the modern world! derided, insulted by her son (Luther), it is assuredly not I who would add another injury to those from which she has been suffering." M. Michelet should endeavour to be a little more consistent.

The first volume of M. Guizot's new History of France* has just been issued, and it takes the reader down to the reign of Philip the Fair—that is to say, it comprises the whole of the mediæval period. Historians have until lately been accustomed to consider the accession of Louis XII. to the throne as marking the beginning of modern times in the annals of our neighbours; but this date is evidently a mistake, for every student knows that to Philip the Fair belongs the honour of having given to the French Monarchy the form which it ultimately retained, and which constitutes, or rather constituted, its originality amongst the other political constitutions sprung from the alliance between the Roman element and the German one. M. Guizot's views are exactly the same as those which stamp his celebrated Lectures, and although the merely narrative style predominates in his recent work, yet philosophical generalizations are far from being neglected. The woodcuts added by way of illustration are in every way worthy of the volume.

M. Trognon is known chiefly as the author of a History of France, which we noticed some time since, and which is generally considered as one of the best works on the subject. He was also honoured with the friendship of the late Queen Marie-Amélie, who entrusted to him the education of the Duke of Montpensier. Such are the qualifications which led to his being chosen by the Princes of the Orleans family to write the life of their mother.† All the necessary documents were unreservedly placed in his hands; he was not only allowed, but requested, to use them with the utmost freedom, and he has given us in the shape of an interesting volume what must have been for him quite a labour of love. Without attempting to describe here the contents of M. Trognon's biographical memoir, let us merely say that it is a most valuable contribution to the history of the last sixty years, and that it bears fresh evidence of the firmness which has always been characteristic of the ladies of the French Royal family. Napoleon's celebrated *mot* about the Duchess of Angoulême—*C'est le seul homme de la famille*—almost involuntarily occurs to us whilst we read the account of Her Majesty's behaviour at the Tuileries on the memorable 24th of February, 1848. Admiral Hernoux, a friend of M. Trognon, who happened to be present, observed:—"Every one around the King had lost his senses. Two persons alone preserved coolness and dignity; they were two old women (*deux vieilles femmes*), the Queen and Madame de Montjoye."

No writer was better fitted than M. Guizot to sketch the life and character of the Duke de Broglie ‡, and we are glad to see that he has published in a collected form the articles contributed by him to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the biography of one of the best representatives of modern French statesmanship. M. Sainte-Beuve, in one of his earliest *Causeries*, spoke of the Duke of Broglie as the politician who, more than others perhaps, commanded the respect even of his adversaries; such is the idea which reigns throughout the pamphlet before us. The condition of France immediately after the Reign of Terror, the revival of literature through the joint influence of Madame de Staël and M. de Chateaubriand, the general craving for peace, order, and a powerful Government, are well described by the young man who, belonging to one of the first French families of the *ancien régime*, hailed the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire as a wholesome repetition of the *grand monarque's* dealings with the Fronde; whilst at the same time he could not shut his eyes to the probable results of a system which was introduced by arbitrary measures, without having in its favour the prestige of hereditary right and of long-standing tradition. The close connexion between liberal ideas and the principles of religion and moral dignity is a phenomenon which deserves to be closely studied, especially at an epoch when order is too often regarded as a synonym for despotism, and liberty as a euphemism for licentiousness. If the statesmen of modern France had been more universally cast in the same mould as M. Guizot's noble friend, we should have been spared the horrors of the Commune.

Whatever opinion we may have respecting Napoleon III. and the Imperial Government, it is impossible for us to endorse all the statements contained in the first chapter of M. E. Brault's volume. § This gentleman writes in such a spirit of partisanship, he talks so

* *Journal des journaux de la Commune*. Paris: Garnier frères.

† *La campagne des Zouaves pontificaux en France*. Par M. S. Jacquemont. Paris: Plon.

‡ *L'agonie de l'armée du Rhin*. Par un officier d'artillerie du 3e corps. Paris: Dentu.

§ *La guerre en Province pendant le siège de Paris*. Par Charles de Freycinet. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Histoire de France*. Par M. Michelet. Nouvelle édition, vol. 1. Paris: Charnerot.

* *L'Histoire de France racontée à mes petits-enfants*. Par M. Guizot. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Vie de Marie-Amélie, reine des Français*. Par M. Auguste Trognon. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Le duc de Broglie*. Par M. Guizot. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *La France devant l'invasion*. Par E. Brault. Paris: Thorin.

wildly about the *empereur d'aventure* and the "noble traditions" of '92, that he does not inspire us with the slightest confidence; and his narrative must be classed amongst the pamphlets which only two years ago were printed in Brussels and London for the edification of amateur revolutionists. It cannot be too often repeated that if the French army of 1870 had lost all the traditions of discipline and self-respect, it was entirely the fault of those who endeavoured to revive the "noble traditions" of '92.

M. Léonce Dupont takes the opposite view of the question*, and brings in a heavy bill against the Government of September 4. After the capitulation of Sedan, he observes, the military disasters of France formed the all-absorbing topic of interest. The most urgent thing then was to strengthen the Government, to give a more vigorous impetus to all the branches of the administration, and to organize throughout the country every available resource. Instead of this, a handful of ambitious men saw that the opportunity had now come for them to grasp the power which they had so long coveted; they marched without any opposition to the Hôtel de Ville, and made the disasters of their country the stepping-stone to greatness. M. Dupont argues that M. Jules Favre and his friends are really responsible for the civil war, because, in the first place, they gave to the Parisian mob the example of contempt for the law; and, in the second, many of the self-styled politicians who composed the Government of the National Defence were avowed friends of the Communists. Such is the theme of M. Dupont's preface; his book contains the journal of the sittings held by the military tribunals at Versailles from August 7 to September 20.

M. Champfleury continues his archaeological studies with the most laudable zeal, and his new volume gives us the history of mediæval caricature.† It will be understood at once that this title implies a great deal more than is generally meant by the word caricature. During the middle ages sculpture and wood-carving were almost the only means which satirists had of denouncing the vices and follies of society; and M. Champfleury's book consequently is to a great extent a history of church decoration. The author is a staunch adversary of the archaeologists who uphold the idea of symbolism, and who look upon the grotesque ornaments of our cathedrals as allegorical representations intended to convey striking lessons of good manners and wholesome doctrine. His book, profusely illustrated with facsimiles of old Gothic art, will be found very interesting.

M. Charles Garnier‡, architect of the new Paris opera, is not unknown to our readers; but the volume we have now before us is of much higher pretensions than the one we noticed about a year ago. M. Garnier's architectural speciality is connected with theatres; for the last ten years he has studied every question referring to that subject, and he comes forward to give us the result of the experience he has derived from a personal survey of all the leading theatres in Europe. The first point to settle is that of the usefulness of scenic entertainments; for if dramatic representations are dangerous or unnecessary, we should not apply to them the resources of architectural art. M. Garnier contends that of all public institutions in modern society, the church and the stage are the only two which address themselves to the whole population, and which, therefore, should be under the special protection of the Government. It is impossible, he further argues, for private enterprise to build churches and theatres on a proper scale, and so as to combine all the indispensable elements of comfort, salubrity, and taste; the State alone can solve the problem in a satisfactory manner. After these general remarks, on which of course we need express no opinion here, M. Garnier goes on to examine in detail the numerous items connected with the building and decoration of theatres, taking as his guide the principles adopted by himself in the construction of the Paris Opera House. The documents he has added to his volume enable the reader to study the comparative arrangements of all the great European theatres.

With the exception of M. Cousin's *Histoire générale de la Philosophie*, and of a few translations from the German, French literature cannot boast of any important work on the history of various metaphysical systems; nor can even the volume of the late Sorbonne Professor be looked upon as complete, for it does not take us further than the beginning of the present century. M. Alfred Weber§ has accordingly endeavoured to supply the deficiency, and his *Histoire de la Philosophie européenne* is intended as a handbook for students who want to unravel the mysteries of metaphysical science. The author aims, of course, at being strictly impartial; but still he adopts a point of view from which to examine the wide subject before him, and that point of view is clearly expressed in the following motto:—"La vérité métaphysique ne se trouve ni dans le matérialisme ni dans le spiritualisme dualiste, mais dans le spiritualisme concret, qui tient la force et l'intelligence pour les attributs distincts, mais inséparables, de l'esprit." M. Weber begins by showing the relations which exist between metaphysics and the other sciences, he then marks out the divisions of the philosophical field, and concludes his introduction by giving us what is called the literature of the subject. His last chapter enumerates the objections which

may be raised against the various systems existing now. Materialism, he says, is so far wrong that it fails to explain the logical side of nature and of history; Spiritualism should shake off the old Cartesian tradition; and, finally, Positivism must acknowledge that, as all science worthy of the name is the search after a law, or a system of laws, so it is a partial system of metaphysics, and philosophy is the metaphysics of the universe, or it is nothing.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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December 5, 1871.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

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* *La Commune et ses auxiliaires devant la justice*, Par Léonce Dupont. Paris: Didier.

† *Histoire de la Caricature au Moyen Âge*. Par Champfleury. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Le Théâtre*. Par Charles Garnier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Histoire de la Philosophie européenne*. Par Alfred Weber. Paris: Germer-Baillière.